

Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.

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MAY, 1943

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Your sorrow, alleluia, shall be turned into joy, alleluia, alleluia. And the world shall rejoice, yet you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy, alleluia, alleluia. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. Shall be turned into joy, alleluia, alleluia.

From Matins of the Third Sunday after Easter.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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What Hunger Does

Preview of the next generation

By JAMES WOOD JOHNSON

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

It often happens that as the result of some traumatic event (an accident, for example) which has shaken the very basis of his life, a person becomes apathetic to the point of renouncing interest in the present and the future, all thoughts and faculties being fixed on the past.

Such unfortunates may not be, strictly speaking, neurotics, but their value to society is greatly diminished by their lack of active participation in the life of the present. Above all, their value to their families is greatly decreased. Their children, although living in the family, can hardly be considered as belonging to a family.

Given the total character of the present war in Europe, including privations and more rigorous changes in way of life for whole civilian populations than in preceding wars, with evacuations, mass deportations, and severe restrictions, the number of persons in Europe who have become thus

apathetic can be estimated in millions.

To the families of these millions must be added the families whose fathers have been killed in war or who have for long years been prisoners of war. The condition of families of war prisoners is aggravated by the fact that in invaded countries the normal support of local governmental agencies cannot be assured. The mother takes the father's place and is constantly absent from home, leaving the children to their own resources.

Accidents of war leave another category of persons who are true neurotics. Neurosis is asocial, and so these people, totaling hundreds of thousands if not millions, add little or nothing to the life of society or to the welfare of their families. Considering all the preceding categories of persons in Europe, and the millions involved, we see a process of family disintegration, the natural collective formation that is the basis for European civilization.

*386 4th Ave., New York City. March 26, 1943.

The condition of families in America, in spite of the absence of many mothers in war work, is far better than that of even the most fortunate European families, because here we have enough to eat, our homes are comparatively well heated, and we still enjoy the liberty of our institutions. Yet even here, after a short period of war, juvenile delinquency, due to lack of parental care, has already risen sharply in the larger cities. In New York, for example, commitments to reform schools have increased over 60%. Theater owners complain of vandalism by children, and teachers in public schools have been stoned and beaten by pupils. If these results are already visible under much more favorable conditions than in Europe, we can understand what is happening there.

The process of the breakdown of the European family might be gradual if it were not being greatly accelerated by the lack of food. Parents, unable to supply enough food to their children, find themselves unable to maintain authority. This is a factor of vital importance, since parents by their authority are arbiters of the consciences of their children. Children, being primitive creatures with no formed consciences of their own, left to themselves seek only to satisfy primitive needs—especially the need to eat, which European conditions unfortunately deny.

Deprived of the normal protection of the family, children wish to act independently of it. The will of a single child, however, is too weak for him to risk action alone. Collective im-

pulses are the only ones possible. Thus he turns to other children and together they form groups which can act, for the combined wills take on fearlessness and power. Such groups are united by the uniformity of the conditions of life of all their members, because in the homes of none of them can satisfaction be found for their hunger. This collective grouping produces in turn a conservatism of psychic acts.

These child gangs, aided by common misery and hunger, have the tendency to grow in size and become a permanent form of collective life. They transform the individualistic psychology of the child's family into the violent psychology of the crowd.

In Spain, where I made an extended investigation of the effects of progressive starvation upon children, because they were an example of what was to happen later to all the children of the occupied countries, I found gang life already highly developed. Many a time when I took a piece of chocolate out of my pocket to give it to a lone waif of five or six I suddenly found myself surrounded by 50 or 60 children, pulling at my coat, holding out their hands, pleading for a share of chocolate. Naturally I always gave them all that I had with me; later, Spanish friends told me, significantly, that it was just as well I had been able to show I had given all.

It is also known that children frequently "ride the rods" in order to meet in bands in regions where food can be begged or stolen from farmers. This phenomenon was recently report-

ed from Belgium, but it is also common to other occupied countries.

Many French mothers informed me that it had become necessary to lock up the food rations. When the gang's influence becomes stronger than that of the family, the children do not hesitate to rob their own parents of food, for the other members of their gang. Groups of children in Spain often used to sing a little song when they begged, to the effect that no one cared any more what became of them. As long ago as the spring of 1941 I heard constant reports of the alarming increase in child criminality among French children from officials of the French Red Cross in Lyons. There is little doubt that such criminality would be more openly bold if it were not restrained by nazi terror methods.

It must not be thought that the roving bands of children are composed only of children of the very poor. They are of all types, since all are hungry. In each band there is always a leader, the strong one, and he is usually the child of a fatherless family. The individual in a primary crowd acquires, according to Gustave Le Bon, a feeling of invincible power permitting him to follow instincts which by himself he would restrain. He will follow them the more readily because the crowd, being anonymous, is irresponsible. A man descends several degrees in the mental scale when he becomes part of the crowd. The child crowd must therefore be recognized as a low ebb in collective formations. Being composed of more primitive minds than

the adult crowd, it is more barbarian.

Child gangs, product of the disintegration of the family, are formed whenever children discover common needs. The more vital these common needs are, the more complete will be the common identification of the group. The most important common bond to unite the children of Europe into such groups is that they have lost what they loved most—dependability of the family. Psychoanalysts say that the loss of a loved person or of a loved family group causes a bitter autohumiliation which always inspires an irresistible urge toward vengeance against the lost loved one or against the lost loved family, and not against the person or persons responsible for the loss. This urge to vengeance, engendered in the children of today, will be paralleled in the postwar society. Following the normal course of such a psychic process, it will be directed first, not against the aggressor but against the loved family itself—or, in other words, against existing society.

It is essential to understand the objective conditions of youth movements, which have been subjected to such an influence, and which can cause a great wave of paganism over Europe. We must realize what they mean for us who defend a way of life based upon Christian civilization. Can we feel ourselves secure if all Europe become barbarian and pagan? One single symbol of paganism, the swastika, has already answered the question. Yet this answer is incomplete, for the extremes to which the youth of Europe will be

driven, unless preventive measures are taken now to arrest the transformation taking place in their character, will be worse than any Europe has known, because this time the future generations of the whole continent are being simultaneously subjected to the processes which engender the urge to vengeance and the cult of force.

No international police force can suffice to maintain the peace of post-war Europe if the coming generation continues along its present road. Such a force could not escape infection by the psychic processes of the youth movements. Nor can the older generations be counted upon to control the youth movements, for they will be near to complete apathy by the time the war is ended.

There is only one conception of what should be done to stop the process of disintegration of the European

family and its sinister effects upon the coming generation — a humanitarian and charitable conception. Only a program of food relief in the first place can be effective, but even that will be too late unless it functions before next winter.

In the development of humanity, as in that of the individual, love is the principal, if not the only factor of civilization determining the passage from egoism to altruism. Those neutral relief organizations which can be utilized to give personal attention and regard, coupled with the affectionate care of religious and charitable institutions in the occupied countries, can bring to the children of occupied Europe one essential element, kindness, which can still help to retard the release of primitive instincts, provided that it is brought to them while they can yet respond to it.



Whoosh!

In the bar of the Hotel Australia in Melbourne, I watched a buck private, seasoned with eight or nine stoups of Scotch, sit down at a table with a couple of major generals and open negotiations with a winning smile.

"I like generals," he said, which should have won the sympathy of his audience from the start. "I want to be a general myself. How do you get this way, boys? What do I hafta do?"

The generals coughed politely, and looked over their guest's shoulder, where disaster in the form of two MP's was rapidly moving down on him.

"But there's one thing I don't like about generals," the private was saying, when he suddenly disappeared with a whisking sound as the law took hold.

From *Southwest Passage* by John Lardner (Lippincott, 1943).

Twelve Steps to Sobriety

In the spirit of the liturgy

By TED LeBERTHON

Condensed from the Los Angeles *Daily News**

Sometime there will be monuments in hundreds of public places to the anonymous drunk who prayed to God to deliver him from the despair of chronic alcoholism, and in thanksgiving wrote the now famous 12 steps.

In the seven years that have elapsed since he wrote down those 12 steps, many thousands of men and women have taken them, and have achieved sobriety after many a wife, husband, physician, cop, judge, and welfare worker had looked on them as headed for madness, suicide, or some skidrow of forgotten creatures.

The other night, while waiting to address a local Alcoholics Anonymous group, I thumbed over a pamphlet enumerating the 12 steps. I had read over the 12 steps many times, and had marveled at their economy of means, their adherence to essentials. But suddenly I saw their higher and wider significance.

Those 12 steps really are a masterful abridgment of the only possible ultimate international peace program. It has often been said the highest and clearest truth is given men only when they are at the brink of an abyss of final despair. The splendid truth given to a half-crazed drunk who fell to his knees and asked God for light may some day deliver all mankind from chaos just as it delivered him. The

mustard seed may become the tree.

Just as this truth came to one man only when long and acute suffering had made him ready to receive it, so it may come to nations of men only when all are crazed with suffering to a point of such mad confusion that statesmen will fall on their knees and beg a forgotten God for light toward a true peace.

Let me set down the 12 steps of the Alcoholics Anonymous program of recovery, asking that you substitute the word *materialism* for the word *alcohol* in considering the 1st step, and the word *materialists* for the word *alcoholics* in pondering the 12th.

Also, remember that drunks meet together in the Alcoholics Anonymous groups to help one another. They remodel their lives cooperatively. They could not do it alone. Note that the word *we* is used and not the word *I* in the steps:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. We came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

5. We admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

6. We were entirely ready to have God remove these defects of character.

7. We humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.

8. We made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.

9. We made direct amends to such persons wherever it was possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.

10. We continued to take personal inventory, and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.

11. We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.

12. Having had a spiritual experience as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

The anonymous author declares that these steps are guides to spiritual progress but not to spiritual perfection. Not

only drunks, but any family or social group could use them by substituting the word *selfishness* for the word *alcohol*, and the word *egoists* for the word *alcoholics*.

Hence Alcoholics Anonymous is a sort of St. John the Baptist, clearing away obstructions, preparing members for the coming of the Lord. Its membership embraces persons of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish background. It is a democratic platform on which anyone may stand to find a new beginning, a remembering of "a higher power," a road back to God.

Many persons in all the nations have long forgotten God in one degree or another to worship the golden calf and have gotten drunk on Satanic illusions of an all-satisfying world. All will need a democratic platform upon which all may stand after the next armistice.

This day or this night, any drunk, man or woman, any poor child of God who is lost in the dark, may write Alcoholics Anonymous* and, without it costing a penny, find kindly, good-humored companionship and understanding on a road home.

*There is a group in almost any large city.
—Ed.



Beginnings... XLVII...

IDAHO

First priest: Father Peter P. De Smet, S.J., July 8-10, 1840.

First Mass: Father De Smet, probably July 12, certainly July 23, 1840.

First Baptism: Among the Flatheads and Pend d'Oreilles, June 30 to Aug. 27, 1840.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Boxcars on Wings

A look at future freight

By AL LAUGHREY

Condensed from *Columbia**

It's 1950 and you're living on a farm in, let's say, Four Corners, Iowa. From where you're standing in the fields you detect the faint sound of a motor in the distance. The sound grows louder until it is a thunderous roar directly overhead. You glance up through the slanting rays of the mid-afternoon sun. What you see is a huge transport plane, with a number of gliders hooked on behind, attached to the mother ship by cables.

Joe, the hired hand, remarks, "Well, I see the 4:40 is right on time today. Certainly beats all gitout how these sky trains keep their schedules right up to the minute, rain or shine."

As the sky train passes overhead, the glider at the tail end is released from the formation. It banks gently over the farm and glides peacefully toward the landing field at the edge of town. That means Joe goes to town to get the mail that came in on the 4:40 sky train, mail that left New York at noon.

A visionary picture? An aviation enthusiast's dream of the future? You wouldn't think so if you could sit at the conference tables of today's airline executives when they discuss post-war aviation and the glider program that will come with it.

Even today there are prophetic signs of freight and passenger-carrying sky trains. On the Pacific coast, Western

Airlines' 1943 calendar heralds the day when America's pilots will be flying over crop-laden fields instead of tank-dotted battlefields. It illustrates a big transport ship with its freight-bearing glider.

When the current session of Congress got under way a report by a special committee told the nation's legislators that it was not at all visionary to assume that by 1950 air freight in this country may exceed 600 million tons and that 20 million persons will be traveling annually by commercial airline. The congressional report stated, "No people and no market will be inaccessible. Air traffic will affect what they eat in China and India—their living conditions, and even the hours they work."

Thousands of huge gliders will be needed for such a program. And when the war is over there will be ample facilities for turning them out just as automobiles once were turned out on the nation's assembly lines.

Today there are nearly a score of factories in the U.S. producing big troop transport gliders for Uncle Sam's fighting forces, gliders that make the sail planes of yesteryear look like fragile toys. Performance and production details of these huge silent birds must be kept secret. But the Army has made known some details in its rapidly

expanding transport glider program.

These ships are almost the size of the commercial transports now used by most big air lines. They will carry more than a squad of fully equipped troops or machine guns and cannon. Or, they will transport a sizable weight in war materials, say a regular Army jeep or similar small vehicle.

These snub-nosed, motorless craft weigh more than a ton. They are equipped with telephonic devices so the pilot may talk with the crew of the mother ship. Both wheels and skis make up the landing gear. When the glider leaves the ground, its wheels are dropped off; when it comes in for a landing, the skis provide enough drag to stop it.

When the inevitable invasion of Europe takes place sturdy gliders by the hundreds will undoubtedly play a major part in setting down the occupational forces that will liberate the nazi-dominated lands of the world.

In the aerial combat of this war there is a tactic known as "vertical envelopment." It consists of spanning the enemy's lines and placing an equipped force of fighting men behind his forward lines. Three units play a part in this move. Paratroops provide the spearhead of the attack. They are followed by transports with equipment. The third unit consists of gliders supplying the bulk of the man power. It is revealing no military secret to say that any large-scale invasion would indeed be hampered were it launched without the aid of gliders.

These motorless transport ships have

several advantages over their powered brethren, outstanding among which is the ability to skim through the night skies undetected. There is no motor roar for enemy detectors to pick up, and consequently the chances of reaching the desired objective are immeasurably multiplied. Then there is the big element of safety. Chances of crashing are lessened by a number of factors. The glider has a lower landing speed and can land on a patch of field that would mean certain death to the crew of a powered ship. And if a glider should happen to make a crash landing there is no danger of fire, since there is no fuel tank aboard.

Out on the west coast there is a unique example of industrial cooperation in glider production for the Air Corps. A large aircraft company, under contract to the Army, is being aided in the construction of various parts of the glider, which later are assembled in its own factories. An outfit that once constructed period furniture for the elite of Los Angeles today is turning out ribs, seats, and wing panels. A one-time builder of display showcases is producing ailerons. A peacetime manufacturer of air-conditioning systems is turning out welded fuselages. And a shop that once specialized in building ladders is making skis for glider landing gear.

Air experts of the day don't even raise an eyebrow over such predictions as radio-controlled, explosive-carrying "phantom gliders." Nor do they gasp at suggestions of armor-plated gliders outfitted with all the equipment neces-

sary to fly in and set up temporary field headquarters in a combat zone. No amazement is evinced, either, over talk of gliders big enough to transport interceptor fighter planes to avoid the danger of whole shiploads being sent to the bottom with one enemy torpedo; or of one-man observation gliders which could be used like kites behind seagoing vessels to watch for submarines and other enemy craft; or of great tank gliders capable of carrying thousands of gallons of gasoline for bombers on long hops.

Like most new departures in the field of flying, sky trailer flight was first tried in America. It was inaugurated at the center of American gliding, Elmira, N. Y., where each year during peacetime gliding enthusiasts gather to establish new world records in soaring and gliding. The use of the towing system was more or less born of necessity. Ordinarily Elmira's contestants were sent aloft by means of a winch towing device, or an automobile. But on one occasion adverse winds precluded the use of either method. So the glider men struck upon the idea of hitching onto a powered plane to get off the ground.

The towing system at first presented a batch of new difficulties. Among them was the seemingly incongruous handicap of towlines which were too strong. Every once in a while a glider pilot would find himself up in the sky without a nose on his ship: a sudden lurch and the unbreakable towline had yanked the prow right out of the glider. Later, towlines were made of a

tensile strength low enough to allow breakage before any damage could be done the glider.

The first sky-trailer experimentation on any scale took place in 1934. At that time a sky train made up of a mother ship and three gliders left New York's Bennett Field carrying mail. When the train approached Philadelphia the end glider was cut loose; when it reached Baltimore the second glider was released; and the last was brought down in the national capital.

Other countries have since experimented with the commercial feasibility of sky-train transport, and before the war were reported to have been making steady progress toward widespread use of the system. Russia before the war demonstrated the practicability of the sky train.

Today the transport glider has been developed to a point where its many advantages are utilized to the greatest possible degree. The modern glider sometimes has a gliding range of 20 to one. That is, for every foot of altitude it attains it can glide horizontally 20 feet. That factor is mighty important to the motorless pilot who, though never bothered with the question of running out of gas, might be faced with the equally troublesome complication of running out of altitude.

Although the same principles that governed powerless flight during the days of the Wright brothers still govern it today, much has been learned in recent years on the subject of what it is that contrives to keep a ton of wood and cloth up in the sky without the

aid of a motor. Thermal currents are the fuel of the glider pilot who has been cut free from his mother ship. The earth-bound probably would call it an updraft of air. Thermal currents are found above millions of square miles of the globe's surface. When a pilot sees a series of dunes or low hills, he knows that above them are thermal currents that will send his ship soaring. Heat from the earth's surface also causes thermals. Even a common corn-field absorbs enough heat to send up a thermal that will be of noticeable aid to a glider pilot struggling for altitude.

Thermals are not confined to the great open spaces. Take a piece of thread and hold it over your radiator. It will immediately struggle ceiling-ward, and would get there were its construction such that it could take advantage of the lifting power of a thermal.

A glider pilot must know the air like an old clipper-ship captain knew the sea. He must be able to detect the countless little indications which tell

how the air ahead will be. For instance, a group of high-flying butterflies is a sure sign that he is approaching good thermal currents, since a butterfly is unable to reach any great height without the aid of updrafts. To the experienced glider pilot every little bump on mother earth's noggin means something in the way of sustained flight through the use of rising air currents.

There is no way at present of estimating just how many expert glider pilots will be available for commercial flying when peace comes. But it is a safe assumption that the commercial lines of the nation will find in the ranks of America's flying veterans the best trained glider pilots in the world for their sky trains of tomorrow.

At a recent airline meeting, an executive put it this way, "When commercial lines start hauling freight by sky train after the war, they will find that those boys who today are pulling machine guns and jeeps through the sky are crackerjacks at doing the same thing with refrigerators and stoves."



Stop cremation! It is a great waste of fuel. If burning *is* necessary, the need will be fully met in the other world.

Holy Roodlets (6 March '43).



Notice to car thieves: my tires are punctureproof. If you try to steal them, you had better be punctureproof too.

Ad in the Austin (Texas) *Tribune* quoted in the *Liguorian* (April '42).

The Work of the WAAC

An interview with 2nd Officer LOUISE E. GOEDEN, WAAC

They have a date with destiny

Condensed from *Extension**

"I had been teaching and writing about American ideals and principles for a long time. Ever since Pearl Harbor, I wanted a chance to work for them more directly." Second Officer Louise Edna Goeden's brown eyes sparkled with patriotic fire. "The WAAC seemed the best way for me."

In the midst of busy women in trim WAAC uniform working at clattering typewriters, Lieutenant Goeden seemed at home. At present, her work consists of editing manuals and memorandums sent out through the Plans and Training Office at Fort Des Moines. Her assignments have been diverse: helping arrange a book for WAAC physical training; editing a pamphlet for KP's; preparing a directive for the conduct of an escort of honor for a visiting dignitary to the post. She is writing a WAAC manual on defense against chemical warfare, too.

In addition, she said, she makes a few speeches. After being commissioned, she was in Public Relations, speaking and writing about the WAACs. Her original assignment took her before various organizations, schools, and conventions, explaining the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Besides numerous Catholic diocesan meetings in the Middle West, she addressed the National Catholic Rural Life Conference at Peoria, Ill., in October. The quarter-

ly meeting of the Catholic Big Sisters in Chicago also heard her story about the WAAC.

"I like especially to address Catholic groups," she said. "We Catholics know what a stake we have in winning the war: that we're fighting not only for democracy but for Christianity as well. That may be one reason why these groups have been more than eager to hear about the fine job the WAAC is doing, and about the fine women who are doing it.

"The women in the corps are very carefully selected," she explained. "No applicant who has dependents—as, for instance, either young children or aged parents—is accepted. She has a job to do at home.

"But some of us didn't have these obligations. And we did have the necessary educational qualifications, so we felt that now, if ever, was the time to repay the U. S. A. for all it had done for us. That is why more than 50,000 women swamped Army recruiting stations late in May last year, soon after the bill was passed authorizing the WAAC."

Of that original group, 440 women arrived at Fort Des Moines July 20 to take the officers' training course. They had been chosen through a process of elimination that aimed to obtain the very cream of available American

* 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. April, 1943.

womanhood to direct the new Women's Army. Besides a mental-alertness test, each woman had two personal interviews with personnel managers and Army officials, took a very rigid physical examination, and finally had her qualifications passed on by a board of psychiatrists and Army men and women in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Goeden was among this first group of candidates commissioned on Aug. 29, 1942. Later classes, chosen in the same manner, brought the total officers in the WAAC up to about 1,300 by November. Since then, however, all officer candidates are selected after having taken basic training as auxiliaries. Auxiliaries correspond to enlisted personnel in the regular Army.

"These auxiliaries are, in many cases, extraordinary women," Lieutenant Goeden stated. "Though the only educational requirement is the ability to pass the mental-alertness test, many of the women soldiers are college graduates with varied experience. Both officers and auxiliaries are women who have been successful in civilian life. Many women now getting \$50 a month left jobs paying \$200. I know a number of officers whose salaries were well over \$300 a month before they enrolled.

"They left a variety of jobs, too. For example, of the women in my barracks room during the officer candidate period, one owned a popular restaurant in New England—it's mentioned in Duncan Hines; one was a buyer of lingerie in a large department store in the East; one was private secretary to

the president of a bank employing 200 people; another was employment manager of a Middle West electric company; one was the director of a farm in Pennsylvania to which delinquent children were sent by the state. Other WAACs were secretaries, teachers, reporters, proofreaders.

"These women gave up their jobs for just one reason—to help as much as they could to get the war over. Many of them are married—their husbands already in service."

Second Officer Goeden herself was an author and a teacher of English and journalism in one of the largest high schools in Wisconsin. She gave this up, as well as her writing, to join the corps.

"We know these sacrifices are worth it, though. We're going to take the place of men who are now doing a lot of jobs women can do. That will give the Army more men in the front lines.

"What jobs will the women do? Clerical work, of course—stenographers, typists, and filing clerks are only a few in that department. There'll be WAAC mess hall and kitchen work. Jobs women can do better than most men, you know!" she laughed.

The whole Aircraft Warning Service and motor transportation, including driving and servicing ambulances, trucks and jeeps, will be handled by the WAAC. Then, there are the administrative jobs, as well as those in the photographic studios, the clothing warehouses, and hospitals.

"The Army Air Force has just opened additional jobs to us," Lieutenant

Goeden went on, "25 new ways to serve—as aircraft electricians, instrument specialists, mechanics, power-plant specialists; as machinists, welders, woodworkers, control-tower operators, parachute riggers."

The WAAC will be doing its part to win this war not only in Army posts throughout this country but in foreign lands as well. At least 80% of the WAACs have signified their desire for foreign service.

"The thing each one fears is that she won't be among those chosen," Lieutenant Goeden said.

The young women are carefully trained. They are taught military courtesies and customs, such as the salute, which each auxiliary and enlisted man at the post gives to the women officers. They are taught military sanitation, mess management, map reading, gas-attack defense. Later they are given more specific lessons in duties of various officers and assistants, such as adjutant, supply, and mess officers.

Physical training is another part of the WAAC program. "We've got to be physically strong to do the job the Army expects of us," Lieutenant Goeden explained. "The Army has seen to it that we're physically fit before we join; it also sees that we stay that way by means of exercise, good food, and regular hours."

In addition, the training program for the WAAC includes infantry drill. "This isn't just to make us good at marching in parades," the officer said, with a smile, "We are good, according to military experts, and we get that

way in a shorter length of time than it takes the men, too." She glanced proudly out the window onto the quarter-mile-square drill field, where several hundred of her sister WAACs were going through formations.

"Drill is the Army's way of teaching us discipline—the instantaneous and instinctive response to all commands, as the books put it. An order not immediately obeyed may mean a thousand lives lost. The training we get in obeying commands on the drill field teaches us not to ask foolish questions but to do what we're told to do that very second.

"One gets a feeling of unity, too, in drill. I suppose it's akin to the way a football team that works together feels. It's one of the finest things that has happened to me, personally, in the Army. Next to the day I was commissioned, the most thrilling day in my OC training was when my company won the parade in the Saturday morning review."

"How long are the hours of work?" she was asked.

"Until the job is finished," Lieutenant Goeden answered. "During OC training, we got up about 5:45 A.M. Reveille was at 6:05, just at dawn, at first. Later, it was dark when we lined up for roll call.

"We had six classes a day, plus physical training and drill. After supper we had an hour of study, and sometimes we drilled extra—just so we would be really good for the Saturday review.

"We have another side to our life.

too," she hastened to add. "Church activities, for instance. We Catholics have Mass every weekday at 6:05 P.M. Father Urban Baer, our chaplain, saw to that as soon as the Church permitted evening Mass. On Sunday morning we have two Masses, at 8 and 9, and another at 7:20 P.M. for those Catholic women who work all morning. The post chapel, one of the permanent buildings on the Fort, was completely redecorated last summer. Already the chapel is too small. The government has built a second one for us in Boom Town."

To a questioning look, she replied, "Let me show you," and went to an office window facing south. "When I came here in July, this was a grassy field. Now look!"

Almost half a mile of new buildings stretched away to the south bounds of the Fort and for more than a quarter of a mile to the west. Constructed of double red tile, they were set in even rows, like toy houses on a scale map.

"More than 200 new buildings have

gone up since the camp opened for the WAAC," she said. "Even the old stables—this used to be a cavalry post, you know—have been converted into comfortable barracks. We need every building we can get, because when the camp is filled there will be 10,000 trainees here at Fort Des Moines alone. Of course, there are other camps at Daytona Beach, Fla., and Fort Oglethorpe, Ga."

"Will there be places for all the women who are trained?"

"We had requests for more than 84,000 WAACs from Army camps all over the country before the organization was a month old. We are proud to know that we are the first American women permitted to use our education to work directly in this way to preserve American standards of honor and decency. We know, as Director Hobby told the first group to enter, that 'we have a date with destiny.' We are keeping that date, and will keep it here and in any other part of the world that the Army may send us."



Cheaper

The danger of not being a mother is ten times greater than being one. Our institutions are filling up with nervous, childless women. It costs no more to have a child than not to have one, because in childless families educational tastes develop faster than salaries.

Dr. Thurnam B. Rice quoted in the *Eikon* (May '41).

A Note on Guadalcanal

More actions than words

By Staff Sgt. RICHARD H. VENN, U.S.M.C.

Condensed from the *Monitor**

Little Corporal Joe of the U. S. Marine Corps is a great guy and a great fighter. He has nursed his squad through tough, amphibious skirmishes on Guadalcanal, shaken off shrapnel wounds, and downed a severe bout of malaria. Joe is tough all right, but not quite tough enough.

When he left home, he and the wife he loved made solemn promises to write as often as possible. Anxiously Joe awaited his first letter. Weeks passed with no word. Finally a letter arrived. It was one of his own, stamped "Address Unknown." More of his letters were returned with the same bleak notation.

What bombs, bullets, and mosquitoes could not do, a piece of paper did. Joe's spirit was broken.

No psychiatrists practice on Guadalcanal, but there is Father Gehring, the chaplain. Joe is an orthodox Jew and the chaplain is a Roman Catholic, but what matters that in the Solomons? A course of the Gehring treatment and Joe was ready to face the world again.

Joe is one of many soldiers, sailors, and marines who have been put "back on the beam" by tanned, handsome Lt. Frederic P. Gehring, Ch.C., U.S.N.R., of 795 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn. Words and sympathy are Father Gehring's only weapons, but he has the "fire power" of a battalion.

In addition to his normal duties of saying Mass and hearing confessions, baptizing, conducting burials and memorial services for the dead, and visiting the hospitals, he also ministers to the natives. The Red Cross relies on him to break news of home tragedies to the men. He has taken charge of evacuating white missionaries from the island. Three times, when the island was far from secure, he made trips up the island coast in a schooner to rescue isolated priests and Sisters.

With the limited means at his disposal, Father Gehring provides recreational facilities for the men. Recently he became the spark plug for a mimeographed island newspaper called *Spaef*, from the initials of the South Pacific American Expeditionary Force.

"My biggest problem," Father Gehring says, "is nerves; and they are no respecters of person. Both officers and men are susceptible."

Numerous times he has calmed men hysterical over the loss of their comrades. At least once a day he explains that he can do nothing about speeding the delivery of mail, but he always satisfies inquiries with a cheerful, "Don't worry, I'm sure it will be here soon." He has seen more family pictures in a month than most men see in a lifetime.

During an air raid or shelling, he

*125 12th St., San Francisco, Calif. April 3, 1943.

retires to the spacious foxhole that adjoins his church and leads the men in prayer.

Father Gehring is a member of the Vincentian Order; he joined the Navy last April, reaching Guadalcanal in mid-September. For seven years he had headed the Vincentian mission at Sinfeng in China's embattled province of Kiangse. There he had to contend with such difficulties as the Japanese Army and Chinese bandits.

Father Gehring is as easily accessible to enlisted men as to officers. No matter how busy he is, he always has time to greet one with a handshake and an, "I'm glad to see you. Come inside and make yourself at home."

"Home" is the perfect description of his church. It is the one place on the island where the approximate atmosphere and comfort of home can be found. Every day men sit on the wooden benches, snatching a few precious moments of peace and quiet.

"You know," said one sailor, "that's the best church I've ever been in."

The church and its facilities were built for Father Gehring by a detachment of naval workers. A tent forms the framework, reinforced by a wooden floor and walls. The woodwork is painted a cheerful blue. Facing the wide tent opening is the altar. On one side of it, running the length of the church, are Father's own living quarters with a wooden bunk, shelves, benches, and a writing desk. In the corner is the exit to his foxhole. On the other side is a long bookcase with benches and a writing desk for the

men. Between the altar and the bookcase is a small portable harmonium.

The altar is Father Gehring's particular pride. The cross surmounting it was fashioned out of shell cases by naval men in memory of a comrade who was killed on Armistice day. In front of the altar is a plaque of the Virgin Mary. A flagstaff stands beside it.

The church houses all the recreational facilities Father Gehring has been able to lay hands on. He has an assortment of athletic gear, and promotes baseball games. The shelves are stacked with playing cards and games; a photograph is constantly in use. The chaplain provides writing paper, manages a 1000-book library, and distributes newspapers.

During the seven years he was in China, funny papers came to him regularly every week. They circulated around the Chinese missions until they disintegrated. Now they are receiving the same treatment on Guadalcanal at the hands of soldiers, sailors, and marines. The never-failing source is Margaret Lynch, a secretary at the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco.

You wouldn't expect movies on Guadalcanal, but in some way Father Gehring has promoted them. The men have named the place where they are shown the Gehring Playhouse.

Christmas tested the chaplain's ingenuity, but he came through with flying colors. He said midnight Mass (heaven alone knows where he found the candles) which he estimates was attended by more than 500. His choir, accompanied on the harmonium by

Corp. Barney Ross, the ring champion, sang Christmas carols. Afterwards Ross sang an old Hebrew song, *Wonderful Mother*. Before Mass, Father Gehring heard confessions for three hours.

For morning Mass, the church was decorated in true Christmas style with a string of colored lights, gay streamers, silver tinsel, and paper wreaths. After lunch a Santa Claus dressed in high black boots, red pants and sweater, plus a red sock pulled over his steel helmet, appeared out of the foxhole at the side of the church. He carried a ditty bag loaded with presents of candy, matches, cigarettes, and corncob pipes.

When the presents were exhausted he disappeared into the foxhole and emerged a few seconds later dragging a disheveled creature in a Japanese uniform: a placard proclaimed him to be Tojo. That brought down the house.

After that, Santa Claus, still dragging Tojo with him; Father Gehring and his violin; and the orchestra, consisting of an accordion, saxophone, and trumpet, piled into a jeep to pay visits to all the hospitals. Finally Santa paid his compliments to the army general and presented him with Tojo. The exhausted Father Gehring called it a day, but not before he had wangled real ice cream for his men out of "Tojo's ice-plant," one of the refrigerator units the Japanese obligingly left behind.

"I have a lot to be thankful for, too, you know," Father Gehring will say when you try to thank him.

"Many men have promised me they will live more Christian lives than ever before. One of the best moments of all was when a man told me he had been an atheist in college, with a philosophy of his own.

"'Father,' he said, 'I've changed my mind about a lot of things.'"



A Second Note

By BARNEY ROSS

Condensed from the *Southern Cross**

Barney Ross, a marine and former light and welterweight boxing champion of the world, was a patient at San Diego's Naval Hospital when he gave this interview. He was wounded at Guadalcanal. Upon debarking at San Diego he called upon Bishop Charles F. Buddy, to pay tribute to the heroic work of Father Gehring at Guadalcanal.

All the boys on the canal look up to Father Frederic Gehring. They think he is the greatest thing next to heaven. He was going into the lines during the firing, helping the corps men, the litter-bearers, drag out the

wounded marines and soldiers. To those who were dying he administered the last rites of the Church.

He has had malaria six times, but nothing can hold him down; he takes quinine and goes on with his work. He says Mass every day and I have never seen such beautiful services in my life. Christmas eve at high Mass there were about 500 men in and outside of the little chapel.

While Father Gehring was distributing Communion to the men, Washing Machine Charlie (a lone Jap plane) came over and dropped bombs within 600 yards of the little chapel, yet no one went to the foxholes. They could hear the report of the bombs all over the island at the time of the bombing Christmas eve, but the men apparently were unaware of it—the ceremony was so beautiful.

I was playing the organ. During Communion everything was quiet, then afterwards I played the organ for the men to sing the Christmas carols. It was a little pump organ. Father Gehring heard confessions for three hours in a little room.

Everybody came to him with his troubles. When some of the fellows wanted to get some money to send home (the pay wasn't coming through on time) he would arrange it with the Red Cross or lend his own money to them. He would write to their folks, got messages through where others couldn't.

A story came through that I was killed, and in no time he got a message to my mother that I was all right.

Every week he would go to a supply base and bring back movies; and all sorts of things like pipes, cigarettes, and magazines—things we never saw on the island—and would make an equal distribution among the patients in the hospital. He entertained every night. His was the only place on the island where you could get a cold drink. Tremendous lime trees grow there: he would serve lime and sugar and ice.

He had the fellows in his home sometimes as late as one and two in the morning. I was with him one night and he gave me his bed to sleep in—said he would be moving around visiting the sick boys.

The number at services gradually increased. At one Sunday Mass there were over 500 men present. He had a chance to be evacuated between Christmas and New Year's, but he wouldn't leave the island until he was replaced by another chaplain, so he is still there.

New Year's day they had a solemn Mass for the dead at the cemetery. The newsreel men were taking pictures of it. The ceremony was touching; about 2,000 men, soldiers, sailors, and marines, were present, and an honor guard fired a salute. Crosses made of twigs marked each grave; each man's dog tag hung on the cross, which also had the date he died carved on it. I will not forget this ceremony to the day I die.

Father Gehring often helped to bury the dead. He would dig the graves himself because we were so short of men. I saw him on days when he was

so ill with malaria that another man would be in bed, but he would go out. Handsome man. He is the number one man. I never saw anyone like him in my entire life.

"How do you, a Jewish boy, happen to be wearing that Catholic medal?" Bishop Buddy asked me.

Father Gehring blessed this medal and gave it to me and I wear it on the same chain as my own Jewish medal, my Mezuzeh medal. I believe in it. I think it has done me a lot of good. I was pretty well shocked at the time of my injury and I give Father Gehring all the credit for bringing me out of it.

All the men were going to recom-

mend him for Lieutenant Commander. He never had a solemn face when he was ill, even suffering from malaria. He was always the same. His disposition never changed. I said to him, "When I go back to the States I am going to see that everybody hears about you." He said, "You will do me a favor if you just don't say anything."

I said, "But I got to say something about you—let the people know their boys are going to services, that the morale is good." I told him I was going to do a little blasting. All the men there would gladly cut off their arms or legs for him. So here I am, slugging it out with words.



Under the Wire

Easter opened upon a scene of desolation. Sunwui was a deserted city. At three o'clock in the afternoon, I stood on the porch, gazing at the pitted landscape. No one was in sight. Then, up from nowhere popped one of my youths. Then others, until altogether there were six.

"Here we are, Father!" they chorused. One of them added, "We haven't forgotten it is Easter Sunday, and we're here to be baptized."

They were baptized; and later they told the story of how they had resolved they were not going to miss the opportunity, barbed wire or no barbed wire. No, they had not climbed over the barbed barrier. Instead they had burrowed into the earth and crept under the barbed wire!

Inch by inch they had crawled. The Japanese sentries were on both sides, and they were not asleep. Any sound, any false move, and the zealous youths would have been killed. Once a soldier came near. The boys flattened their bodies nearer the good earth that was their shelter and their protection. Before the soldier could reach them, they had wriggled under and through.

There is no barbed wire strong enough to defeat ardor like that of those six young men, whom I baptized with joy that Easter day.

Martin J. Burke in *Maryknoll* (April '43).

Nun's Pharmacy in Korea

By BERNARD ZERBE

Condensed from the *American Druggist**

Drugstore without cowboys

Fire, flood, famine, and fatigue never closed her dispensary in Shingishu, Korea, despite their frequent recurrences. Sister Rose of Lima, a graduate of the Fordham College of Pharmacy, worked for 11 years as a pharmacist in Korea. With another Sister in her dispensary, she carried on a ceaseless war against the disease that was so widespread throughout the country. It took the war with Japan to stop her work. Korea, Japanese conquered and controlled, had to be evacuated, and she, with 95 other Maryknoll Sisters and priests, was returned to America in the exchange of nationals. She hopes to return to her dispensary in Shingishu after the war.

For generations, half the children of Shingishu have died in infancy; nine out of ten of the people are afflicted with worms; dysentery is rampant; filth, vermin, and diseases of the body are common; and social diseases are prevalent and generally untreated. To complicate the health situation, native medical care is poor, and pharmacy is at its primitive nadir.

In this environment of low public health, Sister Rose of Lima operated her pharmacy with American sanitary standards. As a result, the mission dispensary came to be known to the poor and sick of Shingishu as "a clean place; good medicine and low prices." It was

one of the few dispensaries in all the 85,246 square miles of Korea able to boast of such a reputation.

Pharmacy in Korea to this Sister was not unlike pharmacy in America, except that there was more of it. Hundreds of gallons of cod-liver oil went across her counters to combat the great deficiency in vitamin A that existed in all of the people. Thousands upon thousands of santonin or worm-medicine tablets were dispensed. Aspirin compound was prepared and dispensed for a variety of ills.

Up until three years ago, three Sisters, one a doctor, one a pharmacist, and one a laboratory technician, operated the dispensary with the assistance of two Korean girls. Then, in 1939, Sister Mercy, the doctor, became ill and returned to America for treatment. This left only the pharmacist, Sister Rose, and the laboratory technician.

Medicine does not maintain the professional pride in Korea that it does in America, and as a result even the most skillful doctors become careless, and often unsanitary. Wounds are rarely sterilized before salves are applied, which raises the death toll from infection. In view of these conditions, the two Sisters were obliged to do considerable prescribing themselves and also make specific suggestions to the native doctors for the type of treatment re-

quired. "Counterprescribing" in Korea was not a matter of ethics; it was a matter of prime necessity if health was to be maintained. Moreover, the advanced medical knowledge of both the pharmacist and the laboratory technician placed them far ahead of the native doctors in medical matters. However, "dispensing doctors" flourished, much to the detriment of the community.

Pharmacy work for Sister Rose was practically inevitable. The daughter of John Robinson, a pharmacist who operates Robinson's Ethical Pharmacy in Jersey City, she was raised in a drug-store atmosphere. When she reached college age, she entered the Fordham College of Pharmacy almost mechanically. After graduation she worked for four years in her father's store, and then for 16 months in a large prescription pharmacy in Newark, where she filled 19,500 prescriptions. She is sure of this figure because she received a bonus of 1c for each one filled, and at the end of her 16 months' work she received a check for \$195. It was good groundwork for the Korean mission.

It was while working in Newark that she reached her decision to enter the Maryknoll Order, so in 1928 she went to the Maryknoll convent, at Ossining, N. Y. Three years later, she left America for Gishu, Korea; in 1933 she moved to the larger city, Shingishu, and began work on her dispensary. With the help of Korean carpenters and a broad knowledge of what a good pharmacy should be like, she supervised the work. When it was complet-

ed, doctors from all over Korea came to Shingishu and were amazed at the compactness, cleanliness, and practicability of her pharmacy. It was unlike anything that had ever come to Shingishu, where even the public buildings, hospitals included, are poorly kept. A hospital may open, clean and white, in February, and be filthy by March.

Built on filled-in land, Shingishu is surrounded by a dike to repel the disastrous floods that occur annually. In 1937, 5,000 homes were under 24 feet of water, and nearly half the population was homeless. These floods were so severe that had they occurred in America the Red Cross would have dispatched thousands of cots and emergency housing supplies. In Shingishu, Sister Mercy (the doctor), Sister Rose, with her laboratory technician, and the two Korean girls were, in a measure, the Korean Red Cross.

So throughout her stay in Korea, Sister Rose's days were crowded with activity in the dispensary and with her other work as a Maryknoll Sister. Some evenings she taught Korean to the other missionaries, or else music to the church choir. On other evenings, and on Sundays, she worked with the Women's Sodality and with the young children. It was a constant round of activity, with no pauses, and very often her bell, just like the pharmacist's bell in America, would ring in the middle of the night, and she would rise to fill some vitally needed prescription.

As she says, pharmacy in Korea is not much different than it is in America. There is just more of it.

Stars Are Exact

By BENNO HAGGENMILLER, O.F.M.Cap.

Can you really tell time?

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**

The civilized world is dotted with observatories equipped with a great variety of instruments for measuring and studying the celestial bodies. Each observatory endeavors to add to our knowledge of space. Astronomy is ever progressing, but there are far too many who do not appreciate its progress. Men sometimes compare astronomy with physics, chemistry and other so-called practical sciences and then ask, "What's the use of astronomy in the affairs of daily life? What difference does it make if there are a few thousand stars more or less in the heavens? Of what importance is the fact that the planet Jupiter revolves about the sun in 12 years?"

It is only the unaspiring mind that asks such questions. Astronomy is really one of the most practical sciences. The practical use of astronomy may not be readily apparent for the simple reason that astronomy does not directly put money into men's pockets.

There is a great deal more in the study of stars than many persons imagine. There is, first of all, the calendar or almanac, the existence of which depends entirely upon the work of the astronomers. We take the length of a year as a matter of fact, but it is the astronomer who has prepared the way for the use of the calendar. Our present calendar is based upon the ordinary

year which contains not just 365 days, but 365 days, five hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds. Now it would be confusing, to say the least, to end the year exactly with the last 46th second and thus split the day. To overcome this difficulty, Pope Gregory XIII, advised by his astronomers in 1582, ordered that every fourth year should have 366 days, that is, every year divisible by four should be a leap year; further, he ordered that every centurial year, divisible exactly by 400, should also be a leap year, as, for instance, the year 2000. The year 1900 was no leap year because it was not divisible by 400.

But this is not all. The U. S. government, as well as the English, French and German governments publish yearly the so-called *Nautical Almanac* for the use of mariners, aviators, and surveyors. If today the compilers of these almanacs should happen to go on a strike, the public business of the country would come to a total standstill. Our ocean liners, battleships, and submarines, as well as our big bombers, would be unable to find their goals and would have to go back to the principles of navigation of 2000 years ago. There could be only coastwise sailing, chiefly by daylight. And now, during this time of war, our pilots in the air could not steer their craft by the radio beam, for this very beam would betray

them to the enemy pilot. Why should such a strike of the almanac makers paralyze all transportation and even disastrously affect our war efforts? Because the astronomical strikers would have loosened the bond with which astronomy binds earth and sky so closely together. The *Nautical Almanac* contains the accurate positions of the stars, planets, sun and moon for every day in the year. Upon the precision of this almanac depends the safety of all ships and planes. The only means to ascertain the position and direction of a ship is to observe the heavenly bodies, the sun by day, the stars and planets by night, and their relation to the horizon.

One of the most important tasks of the astronomer, however, is the regulation of time. Correct time is a great convenience in all the affairs of life, and especially, in the operation of trains and buses. But how many people know who determines exact time? The best watch, the most accurate clock will, in course of time, either gain or lose if it is not regulated either directly or indirectly by a standard clock in some observatory. Did you ever tune in your radio for the time signals from the Arlington wireless station shortly before noon? These signals come from the master clock of the great Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C. That master clock is regulated by observations of the fixed stars, and the knowledge of the precise position of the stars depends upon the patience of thousands of astronomers who have devoted their lives to this work. The correct time of your watch, therefore,

is actually given to you by the stars.

The standard or master clock in astronomical observatories does not show the time used in the ordinary affairs of life, but shows star, or sidereal, time. This time is based upon the movement of the stars across the heavens in the course of 24 hours. This movement, of course, is not real, but is caused by the rotation of the earth around its axis from west to east, similar to the apparently opposite movement of objects seen from the window of a fast-moving train. The dial of the astronomical clock has 24 hours instead of the 12 of an ordinary clock. When the astronomer observes the stars, he considers the heavens as a gigantic clock, the most accurate of all timepieces. The equator of the heavens forms the dial of this clock, and the noon, or 24th, hour on this dial is marked by the point where the sun crosses the equator on the first day of spring. This vast dial needs no hour and minute hands, for the dial itself moves from east to west and makes a complete revolution in the course of a day. It needs no figures to indicate the hours. In place of the figures the stars themselves tell the exact time. The meridian, or the line traced on the heavens from north to south, serves as index of the sidereal noon. It is noon by star time when the point of the sun's spring crossing is exactly midway between east and west, or exactly on the meridian. This point is called the vernal equinox. The stars' positions are reckoned by their distances eastward from this equinox in hours, minutes, and seconds. If, there-

fore, a star whose position is given in the *Nautical Almanac* as being two hours east of the vernal equinox is seen exactly on the meridian, the time of the sidereal day is 2 o'clock, and the observatory clock must also show 2 o'clock at that very moment. If the clock is either slow or fast, the astronomer corrects it as follows.

He sits before a telescope which is directed to the meridian and can be turned only up and down, never sideways. Behind the eyepiece, or transit, of this telescope are stretched a number of equally spaced perpendicular wires, usually five. A sixth wire runs horizontally through the center. As soon as a star, whose precise position has first been taken from the almanac, enters the field of view, the observer takes a second from the observatory clock and continues the reckoning mentally till the star passes the first wire; if this happens exactly with the beat of the pendulum, the figure is noted down; if, however, as is usually the case, the star passes the wire between one beat and another, the exact instant must be estimated. Modern observatories are now provided with delicate instruments which record seconds and fractions of seconds on a sheet of white paper wrapped around a cylinder to which motion is imparted by wheelwork connected with the clock. The observation is continued for all the wires, and the number of seconds is recorded. At the end the result is added up and the mean taken by dividing the whole number of seconds by five. Thereupon the final result is compared

with the clock. Suppose a star's position as given by the almanac is seven hours, 27 minutes and 22.63 seconds. But the time of the clock at the exact instant when the star crossed the center wire in the telescope was observed to be seven hours, 27 minutes and 24.36 seconds; the difference is 1.73 seconds, and the clock must be turned back that much. The astronomer now reduces the star time to ordinary civil time and it is this time which is flashed out by radio to all parts of the country.

Have you ever made a journey across the ocean? When the ship has gone out to sea about 20 or 30 miles, the passengers may look in any direction and see nothing but a vast expanse of water. Outside the ship there is nothing to tell the passenger where he is or in what direction he is going. But the captain and his officers know. You are trusting their skill and knowledge to bring you safely to port. The mariner sees more than a wide expanse of water. He looks overhead and reads the signposts of the stars, sun, and moon. He reads the time on the ship's clock and thus can inform you at any moment during your journey how many miles you have traveled and how many more miles you must sail to arrive at your destination.

A few hours before a ship hoists anchor, two boxes are brought on board and put into the safest part of the ship. Each box contains a watch about the size of an ordinary alarm clock. Besides the three ordinary hands, indicating the hours, minutes, and seconds, there is a separate hand at the top of

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THE EDITORS

the dial which indicates how many hours the watch has been running since last wound, for it is of the greatest importance that these watches be wound at the same hour every day. They are so jeweled that they will run accurately only when their faces are kept horizontal; for this reason they are hung in a cradle, a special device to prevent the instrument from changing its horizontal position, no matter what may be the position of the outer box on account of the pitching and rolling of the ship. These watches show Greenwich time, because all positions of the heavenly bodies given in the *Nautical Almanac* are computed from Greenwich time; for, by international agreement, the first meridian passes through the observatory of Greenwich, a suburb of London. A few weeks before these watches are brought on board, they are accurately and carefully tested at some observatory where they are compared with a standard clock which in turn is regulated by frequent observations of the sun and stars, as has been described. The captain of a ship knows how much his watch is gaining or losing daily. If the watch is a very good one it will lose or gain only a small fraction of a second. One can see from this what a close relation exists between astronomy and navigation.

The surveyor, too, must be assisted by the astronomer in ascertaining the size of the earth, in making accurate maps of the continents and oceans, in establishing and fixing boundary lines between states and countries. The U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey finished

its transcontinental measurements in 1897 and has thereby made a very important contribution to our knowledge of the size of the earth. If you wish to know the latitude of the place in which you live, you may find it quite accurately by consulting any good geography. But in the first instance, it was through the painstaking labors of the astronomers that the latitudes of countries were found and the accurate maps drawn which make up our geographies.

Would you like to surprise your friends by telling them that you can take the time from the stars and come within five or ten minutes of the correct time? Cut out a disk about a foot in diameter from a cardboard; draw a circle on it with its circumference an inch from the rim of the disk; divide the circle into 24 equal parts and draw the division lines to the center. Next, number these divisions from 0 to 23, but be careful to write the numbers counterclockwise. Then, cut out an opening two inches in diameter at the center of the disk; cut little notches into the outer rim at the numbers 0, 6, 12, and 18 and stretch a thread, preferably white, from 0 to 12, and from 6 to 18, to locate the exact center of the two-inch opening. The dial of your star clock is now ready.

Now you must procure the hour hand, which you find in the heavens itself. It is the star Beta in the constellation of Cassiopeia, easily recognized in the northern sky by its figure resembling the letter *W*. This star is only about 32 degrees from the polestar and

is, therefore, visible on clear nights all the year round; it is also situated in a line with the pole and the vernal equinox; so, when it crosses the meridian above the pole, the star time is 24 or 0 hours, or, sidereal noon. To tell the time by means of this star, hold your disk inclined towards you at an angle of about 40 degrees from the vertical position; bring the polar star in the center of the opening and turn the disk till the number 0 points above, and the numbers 6 and 18 point west and east, respectively. Hold the disk in that position and see over which division line the star Beta is seen. If it happens to coincide with the number 22, it is 22 o'clock star time. Half hours and quarter hours can be read off, if more divisions are added to the circle. To change

the star time into ordinary time, you have only to remember that this vast sidereal clock gains four minutes every day, or two hours every month, from March 22, and in one year has gained fully 24 hours.

Suppose you take your friend out to demonstrate your skill on the evening of May 23. The star points to a division on your dial showing eight hours, 30 minutes. Quickly then, you figure out that exactly 60 days have elapsed since March 23. Therefore, you subtract four times 60 minutes, or 240 minutes, from the star time, and tell your friend, "It is now about 9:58 P.M." Your friend, pulling out his watch and finding your time correct within two minutes, should be amazed at your knowledge of astronomy.



Flights of Fancy

A bratproof cookie jar.—*Ken Mack.*

People are funnier than anybody else.—*V. C.*

Lorgnette: A dirty look on a stick.—*Bob Hope.*

Perfume that held you smellbound.—*Jan Wiggins.*

Guilty of assault and battrimony.—*Mark Gaffney, S.J.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Her heart stood on tiptoe, waiting.
—*Michael Kent.*

Busy not finding something in the dresser.—*Gladys Taber.*

Some folks make monkeys of themselves carrying tales around.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

A woman's definition of a bore: a man in love with another woman.—*Mary Pettibone Poole.*

A Fight for Educational Freedom

A lawyer, a Lutheran, and loyalty

By ARTHUR MULLEN

Condensed from a book*

Writing against time, Arthur Mullen completed *Western Democrat* shortly before his death in 1938. Best known as "president maker," for his maneuvering at the 1932 convention which nominated Roosevelt, his lasting monument is his defense of religious liberty in the "Foreign Language cases" which he recalls in the following excerpt.

In our days we have fought our own fight for liberty of conscience; and I fear that our sons will, in their generation, have to go into battle for their convictions. For intolerance is the oldest war breeder in the world.

Usually eruptions of bigotry are deliberately fostered movements. The wave of intolerance after the first World War differed from them in being spontaneous. It was already bubbling up in various parts of the country when the Ku Klux Klan realized its financial and political possibilities.

The Enabling Act declared that the Constitution of the state of Nebraska should provide, "that perfect toleration of religious sentiment be secured and no inhabitant of said state shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of religious worship." In spite of the Enabling Act and the Constitution, however, the thistles of bigotry grew furiously. In 1918, the state went Republican due to pro-German voters who believed that Wilson had violated the implied pledge of his "kept-us-out-of-war" cam-

paign of 1916; but party men failed to see the cause of their success, and carried out a program which eventually overturned them by alienating the Germans of the state.

The program was not aimed at the Germans. The real purpose of the Nebraska legislation was to destroy parochial schools, both Catholic and Lutheran. To accomplish it the laws struck at all private-school education, forbidding the teaching of or in any foreign language in any grade below the 9th.

Out of this circumstance the cases which went through the Nebraska courts and up to the U. S. Supreme Court were popularly known as the Foreign Language cases. This was a misnomer. They should have been called the Private School cases or the Freedom of Education cases: for upon them rested the right of every private school in the U. S. to operate and the right of every American citizen to direct the education of his child, consistent with public morality. Had these cases been lost, private schools, including parochial schools, would have no constitutional right of existence; and the form of education of American children would be today the prerogative of the state. The struggle, then, was for the principle of freedom of education against the doctrine of state control. That the laws enacted dealt

**Western Democrat*. 1940. Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York City. 360 pp. \$3.50.

with the question of teaching foreign languages was purely adventitious. They could have dealt with the teaching of algebra or rhetoric.

We have, unfortunately, a rapidly growing element in our body politic which contends that the state has the right to take charge of the education of our children and substitute the judgment of public officials for the judgment and solicitude of the parents of the children. Why this fallacy?

It is based on a simple historical fact. Shortly after Horace Mann outlined the public-school system, and the state began to levy taxes on all property to support a state-controlled public-school system, one of the inevitable reformers said, "Some people do not send their children to school after we have established a public-school system. Let us force them to do this." In 1852 Massachusetts enacted a carefully drawn "compulsory school law," which requires parents to send their children to a school for a definite period of time, either public or private. The basic idea of the law was that the state, rather than the parent, had the welfare of the child at heart.

The principle spread. By the time of the first World War all the states had adopted the principle of compelling children to attend school. It was then argued that the state has the right to take complete control of education and compel the attendance of all children in public schools. This doctrine was definitely anti-Catholic; it happened to be anti-Lutheran, also, for the Lutherans had parochial schools. This proved

fortunate for people of all religions.

The first bill aimed at parochial schools passed the Nebraska House of Representatives. Then it went to the Senate, and, as happens in times of mob domination, the smaller legislative body put on the brakes which prevented disaster. Catholics and Lutherans stood together in winning the Senate. We beat the original bill by amendments limiting its effect. As finally passed, it remains on the books of Nebraska, and of 25 other states, but now ineffective because of a higher decision.

The Siman Law was bad, unqualifiedly bad; but it led to the Meyer case, and the Meyer case is the one which eventually became the Freedom of Education case before the U. S. Supreme Court and established a great bulwark of our freedom.

To his neighbors, Robert T. Meyer is a quiet, mild-mannered, God-fearing ministerial teacher, a good citizen in a little town, concerned with the immediate affairs of his work, family, and home. To me he is one of the valiant defenders of our American liberties; for without the Meyer case there would be no Supreme Court decision defining the inalienable right that the child is the ward of his parents and not of the state.

The Siman Law, passed by both houses of the legislature, and approved by the governor on April 9, 1919, directly prohibited the teaching or use of any language other than English in any grade below the 9th in any "private, denominational, parochial or public" school in Nebraska.

While on its face the law struck only at the teaching of any foreign language, this prohibition was only the surface issue. The immediate issue was the teaching of religion in foreign languages, a method used by both Lutherans and Catholics in some schools attended by children of immigrant parents. The deeper issue was whether the state should control all education or whether an individual might prescribe the type of education he desired for his child.

We asked in the lower court for an injunction restraining the enforcement of the statute. We won the plea, but the state appealed. The question became political, going into the churches, the clubs, the newspapers. Nebraska was, in 1919, as controversial and disputatious on the subject of educational and religious freedom as Kansas had been on slavery in 1859. Before the Nebraska Supreme Court we argued that the law denied our constitutional rights.

The Supreme Court, after much controversy, wrote a curious opinion. It declared that as written the law did not affect constitutional rights. Although the state could control education of its citizens, this act did not forbid the teaching of religion or other subjects in any language provided such instruction did not interfere with studies the state prescribed. Ambiguously it said that if the act was harsh constituents would see to it that a future legislation would remedy the harshness. (*Meyer vs. State of Nebraska*, 263 U. S. 390; 107 Neb. 167.) In other words,

if a minority wanted relief from oppression, it had to make itself a majority.

Shades of the men who wrote the Bill of Rights!

That left us nothing to appeal from, although there was no justification for the decision. We believed that the Siman Law meant exactly what it said. So did the enforcement officers.

If there is any one place in Nebraska typical of the German settlement of the state it is Zion Corners. Set on the level prairie of the Corn Belt, surrounded by farms wrested from the soil by the labor of hard-working, God-fearing, law-abiding pioneers, the high-spired white church, the little white schoolhouse, the pastor's house, the schoolteacher's house stood as symbols of men's hope and faith. There on the western prairies, men and women, coming from older lands in search of better opportunities for themselves and their children, had established the church and the school of their religion. There they worshiped. There their children were taught the principles of the faith in which they believed.

There, on a summer day in 1920, Robert T. Meyer, slim, quiet, calm, a little diffident in manner, but about to be proved anything but diffident in spirit, was teaching the story of Joseph to a dozen little children. It was not during school hours, but during the recess between 1 and 1:30 in the afternoon. According to the custom of the school before the passage of the Siman Law, he spoke in German, having been instructed by the synod, acting under

my opinion, that the law could not forbid the use of a language other than English at a time not in the regular school period. To little blue-eyed boys and little flaxen-haired girls he was recounting, as teachers have recounted for 3,500 years, the tale of the bondage in Egypt, of the boy sold into slavery by his brothers and destined to become their savior in time of their greatest need. A shadow fell across the sunlight at the doorway. Looking up, Meyer saw standing there the county attorney of Hamilton County.

He knew why he had come. Only a short time before the school superintendent of the district had warned Meyer to desist from teaching in German, even outside school hours. Meyer knew, as the man in the doorway waited, that he had no real desire to put the law into effect, but wished his presence to be sufficient threat to stop the teaching.

"I had my choice," he told me afterward in the quiet voice which was more impressive than any shouting. "I knew that, if I changed into the English language, he would say nothing. If I went on in German, he would come in, and arrest me. I told myself that I must not flinch. And I did not flinch. I went on in German."

The county attorney arrested Meyer. He was tried in the district court of Hamilton County, and fined \$25. "I shall not pay the fine," he said. "This is a question of principle. If I go to jail for doing what I know to be right, I go to jail. I shall not compromise with what I know is not right."

His pastor believed with Meyer that he should not pay the fine, and took the case to the synod. The synod took the case to the Supreme Court of Nebraska, which held against Meyer, although it had said, a year earlier, that the law under which he had been arrested would have been unconstitutional if it meant what it said.

I had been acting as counsel for the synod in the injunction case against that Siman Law. Meyer, his pastor, and I held out for a battle; and the case went to the U. S. Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the legislature had repealed the Siman Law, and passed a similar but more severe measure.

We brought injunction proceedings in the District Court of Platte County, and again appealed. This time the Supreme Court of Nebraska declared constitutional the law forbidding the use of foreign languages in schools below the 9th grade.

In this case the American Legion, Department of Nebraska, declaring that it had been organized "for God and country, to uphold and defend the Constitution of the U. S.; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a 100% Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to

consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness," applied for leave to appear in the case as *amicus curiae*. The state courts granted this leave, and the American Legion, Department of Nebraska, rode in with banners to fight against freedom of education and of worship.

The American Legion, through its representatives, appeared before the Supreme Court of Nebraska, but I told a newspaper reporter that we intended to take the case to the U. S. Supreme Court, where the Legion could not mob the court. He printed the statement, and before the case went into the U. S. Supreme Court the American Legion withdrew from participation in it.

We then combined the two cases, Meyer's appeal and the injunction suit. I took charge of both in the U. S. Supreme Court.

I submitted the brief on Oct. 3, 1922. The case was heard on Feb. 23, 1923, and the decision given on June 4, 1923.

At that time the greatest wave of intolerance that has ever deluged the American nation was sweeping toward the crest of its 1924 power. Throughout the land fiery crosses flamed messages not of Christianity but of heathenish hatred. Everywhere, even in those eastern communities long famed for religious tolerance, bigotry ran amuck. Everywhere the lives, liberties, and properties of men and women were threatened by the restrictive legislation, the actual physical menace of the head-hunters and witch burners.

In some of the states laws hostile to private schools had been passed. Three cases, two from Ohio, another from Iowa, had already been submitted to the U. S. Supreme Court but had not been decided.

Upon the case of Meyer against Nebraska, depended the freedom of countless millions of American citizens, present and future, to enjoy those rights enumerated in the first ten Amendments to the federal Constitution. Upon the Meyer case depended the right of a minority to protection from majority rule over private and personal conduct. Upon this case hung the whole structure of American democracy. If the U. S. Supreme Court should rule against us, where, in God's name, were the minorities of the nation—religious, social, political—going to be?

On the high bench of the old Supreme Court room in the capitol sat the men who were to decide the case; Taft, the chief justice, ponderous, conservative, a strong Hamiltonian in political opinions but known to be broadly liberal on all questions of religious tolerance; Butler, solidly Constitutional and solidly Catholic; Van Devanter and Sutherland, both from the West and unknown quantities on questions of this type; McReynolds, from the Bible Belt, and possibly predisposed against the premise of our argument; Brandeis, already famed for fairness and liberalism; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, once a great judge but blowing hot and cold now according to unpredictable crotches. They seemed

more than impressive to me that February day. They were the final arbiters of our American freedom of thought, of conscience. Upon me rested the obligation of convincing them that we who fought the state of Nebraska in its enactment and enforcement of laws to restrict that liberty were right.

In 1866, the year before Nebraska had been admitted into the Union, the U. S. Congress had submitted for ratification the 14th Amendment to the Constitution. Among other things this Amendment provided that:

"No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the U. S.

"Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law;

"Nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Its 52 words contain more of concern to mankind than any others in our American history. By adoption of this Amendment the American people gave the U. S. Supreme Court control over legislation passed by the states. We gave that court power to nullify any act of a legislature, any provision of a constitution that violates a provision of the federal Constitution. The power had been misused, for courts had protected property under it when property should not have been protected; I argued that it empowered the court to annul legislation hostile to the natural rights of man, as stated in the federal Constitution.

I had 46 minutes for oral argument.

Questions, flung at me by the chief justice, by Brandeis, by McReynolds, by Holmes, and one by Sutherland, took up part of that time. I planted the case on two propositions. First, that the right to maintain private schools was constitutional, inherent, and inalienable. Second, that we had a right to teach in private schools any subject that was not seditious or immoral.

I admitted that the state could require us to have substantially the same course of study in private schools as in public schools. I admitted that the parochial schools which took the place of public schools in the primary grades were subject to state supervision; but I denied the right of the state to prevent us from having private schools and teaching in them any subject not opposed to public morality. I contended that the state has no power to prevent pupils in private schools from studying subjects outside the course of study prescribed by the state and in use in public schools. I urged that religious liberty is protected by the 14th Amendment, and that private, particularly parochial, schools were essential and necessary to religious liberty. Any law preventing the maintenance of private schools was, I said, a denial of the privileges and immunities named in the 14th Amendment.

Every man on the bench above me was listening tensely; but I could not tell whether with friendliness or hostility. Once, when I had said that a mother had the right to employ a private school to help her in teaching morality and religion to her children, Mr.

Justice Holmes interposed, "She is not forbidden to do that at home, is she?" Chief Justice Taft's questions, like his manner, were friendly. Mr. Justice Van Devanter's were noncommittal. Mr. Justice McReynolds sometimes pushed me hard. "What about the power of the state," he demanded, "to require the children to attend the public schools? You will admit that, will you not?"

"I do not admit that," I said.

"You do not admit it?" he asked in evident surprise.

"I do not admit it," I repeated. "I deny that a state can, by a majority of the legislature, require me to send my child to the public schools. I deny that any such legislative power exists in a constitutional government. That question is here at the very base of this case. It is a blow at education. It is a striking down of the principle that a parent has control over the education of his child. This is one of the most important questions that has been presented for a generation, because it deals with the principle of the Soviet. Here is an act requiring the child to be taught religion after dark or on Sundays. In Russia they abolished religious teaching altogether. There are 147 different languages in Russia; and you cannot teach a child religion in any one of them over there. That is the question which is involved in the right to run private institutions."

"Your denial that a state has the right to require all children to attend the public schools won McReynolds to you," Clarence Darrow said to me after

he had studied the argument. "He was against you until you made that argument against state control of all education. You changed his mind, and the record shows it."

It was the Chief Justice, however, who summed up the case in his final questioning: that the state had regulatory power to require proper education among its people and to protect itself, but not prohibitory power to take away the freedom guaranteed its citizens by the Constitution and its Amendments.

For more than three months we awaited the decision. Then, on a June day, it came. The court, through Mr. Justice McReynolds, decided, Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Sutherland dissenting, that the right to operate private schools and to teach any proper subject in them had been guaranteed by the 14th Amendment. The court also announced eight principles of constitutional law. These are, in Mr. Justice McReynolds' words:

"While this court has not attempted to define with exactness the liberty thus guaranteed, the term has received much consideration and some of the included things have been definitely stated. Without doubt, it denotes not only freedom from bodily restraint, but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, to establish a home, and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and generally to enjoy those privileges long recognized at common law as essential to the order-

ly pursuit of happiness by free men."

The Meyer case, assuring the right of private schools to operate and to teach any subject not subversive of public morality, was won, but something far greater than any one case was won with it. Eight points—and they live, and will live far longer than the more famous Fourteen! I felt, as I heard them, a little as Oliva Dionne must have felt, years later, when he received five gifts of God instead of the one he had expected. Eight points of human liberty defined, and guaran-

teed, and covering the whole span of human experience. A fenceless land of liberty!

If I have fought too hard and too often in other and less vital wars, if I have struggled too bitterly in the ring of politics, if I have battled too long in the dusty arenas of conflict, let this be my justification before the Court of Last Appeal, the God who meant all His children to be free: I took the Meyer case before the U.S. Supreme Court, and I couldn't have won it if I hadn't known how to fight.



Postponement

Human wisdom says Don't put off until tomorrow
What can be done the very same day.

But I tell you that he who knows how to put off until tomorrow
Is the most agreeable to God.

He who sleeps like a child
Is also he who sleeps like my darling Hope.

And I tell you Put off until tomorrow

Those worries and those troubles which are gnawing at you today
And might very well devour you today.

Put off until tomorrow those sobs that choke you
When you see today's unhappiness.

Those sobs which rise up and strangle you.

Put off until tomorrow those tears which fill your eyes and your head,
Flooding you, rolling down your cheeks, those tears which stream down your
cheeks.

Because between now and tomorrow, maybe I, God, will have passed by your
way.

Human wisdom says: Woe to the man who puts off what he has to do until
tomorrow.

And I say Blessed, blessed is the man who puts off what he has to do until
tomorrow.

Blessed is he who puts off. That is to say Blessed is he who hopes. And who
sleeps.

From *Basic Verities: Prose and Poetry* by Charles Péguy (Pantheon, 1943).

Star Dust in Baghdad

By CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

We don't like it either

The U.S. Lease-Lend Act was extended to Iraq some time ago. That same hour the shade of the last of Scheherazade's race went wailing through the night. New Yorkers may have heard it in their offices, as it undoubtedly followed the trails it had known so well in life. For the spirit of O. Henry was abroad, crying out in protest and anguish against the degenerate caliphs who were selling their mess of potage for a birthright.

Long ago O. Henry had built Baghdad-on-the-Subway. He had taken the tall city of stone and molded it into human shape. Around it he draped the veils of mystery and romance, hushed its strident voice to the whisper of far-off things, and into its sullen eyes he spun a soul. With the ingenuity of his own Jeff Peters, "the gentle grafted," he spread the fragrance of Arabia over his 4 million seeds and overnight there flowered a dream-petaled city.

O. Henry had robbed the East to robe the West. It was no Lease-Lend Act on his part. He had no need of a New Deal. The skillful manipulator of hearts dealt only once—but the hand he laid down was straight from the "turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas." New York had won. The caliphs of the Bowery and along the Hudson walked in the softer light of O. Henry's world.

And now New York is going to pay back. As I said before, O. Henry's shade may have caused some slight uneasiness in New York City offices that night when Uncle Sam decided to streamline the ancient cradle of civilization. For O. Henry knew New York—and that is why he found it necessary to invest it with the glamor of the East. It was a hard city until the master designer softened its rugged outlines. His charm lay in what he added to New York—but I am sure he would hate the thought of what New York might add to Baghdad.

The magic carpet coming back to Baghdad—with machine guns on its wings; Baghdad-on-the-Subway smiling benevolently on—will it be Gotham-on-the-Tigris? At least we fear it will be something that, as O. Henry himself once said, "would make A. Raschid turn Haroun in his grave."

Now I am not a statesman and I have never even read through the Lease-Lend Act. I am not an expert in economics nor in finance, nor do I know when the war is going to end. However, I have spent a thousand and one nights in Baghdad and, therefore, I am not a romantic idealist, either. I am only one of a dozen men in Baghdad, not to spread the culture of America, but to preserve a culture that was old when America was young. I

*962 Madison Ave., New York City. March, 1943.

realize that the Lease-Lend Act does not extend to cultures. But it is a definite expression of a trend. It says in brief, "We of the West are going to give you of the East certain things which you have not and we have." (One gathers from the title of the act that these things or their equivalent will be given back some day. I only wish Max Beerbohm might write that chapter in the story.)

For some years now the West has been carrying on that policy of the haves and have-nots. As a result it is effecting the same thing that O. Henry effected for New York. It is creating an atmosphere—but a far different and a far more dangerous atmosphere than the genial creator of Baghdad-on-the-Subway ever effected.

The West has not given us of its best. The illusion being created is not concerned with background but with the very subject of life. The seeping in of Western civilization threatens the very character of the people. For instance, the most popular (because unrivaled) form of recreation in Baghdad is the movies. Now the screen is not an accurate representation of American life. Yet when I once asked my class to write a composition on their conception of American life, the result was a fine collection of ideas based on movies and cheap picture magazines. And the movies, because they are almost the only form of entertainment, exert a profound influence. No one ever pretended that O. Henry's world was the correct picture of New York, true to life though his characters

were. The real and the imaginative elements were always distinguished. But that does not happen in Baghdad. The things that are false in the movies—the characters, their mode of life, their morality—these are accepted as true to life, and it is these things, of course, that are first imitated. To come down to a particular. On the screen is depicted a typical party of, let us say, the nobility of New York. Briefly, in the language of heraldry (for the movies usually scorn us commoners) its device might be "sables, silver and gold flittermice on bend, gules horns leaping beside bar sinister, two drunks rampant on horizontal field." What does this mean to Baghdad? It means that if you have a party you must have large amounts of liquor to guarantee success. And some of us are still old-fashioned enough to believe that, with large amounts of liquor, you can't guarantee anything. Then why not stick to the old-fashioned parties? And there is the crux. We are in the first generation of mixed-party-givers in Baghdad. Only in recent years, under the influence of the West, have men and women begun to mingle more or less freely in public gatherings. Even now it is not a fully accepted situation, and is still taboo outside the cities. So you see there is no background to social life here, no healthy traditions such as we had in the sleighing party, the school dance, the clambake, and the Labor-day outing. The last stage of the New York social whirl is the first stage of the Baghdad party. Is it off to a good start? We do not think

so—and by "we" I mean those of us who are trying to educate Christian boys in the things of Christ.

The ordinary Christian youth in Baghdad has a difficult path to follow. He is surrounded by influences that are alien to his faith, influences that tend to sap the vigor of his spiritual life and even to destroy it entirely. It is a hard job to be pure when most of the people around you have a different idea about purity. It is hard to face the truth unflinchingly when a lie is considered the accepted thing by most of your neighbors. It is hard to do a score of things if you are only one of a handful who is doing them. And now, to make it more difficult, the paganism of the West comes striding in with the thrill of trumpets and the beauty of false banners. It is a new world—not the human world of O. Henry and oh, how far from the world of Christ! What boy's heart can fail to be caught with the thrill of the unknown? Freedom is one of the catchwords that lure him towards the inviting bend in the golden street. In the movies that mirror this new world he sees one instance of this freedom—the gay and ready ac-

ceptance of divorce. The glimpse may make him hesitate, for it is something he has seen in the old world, which is not his world. But what if he doesn't hesitate? And there lies the danger that cannot be minimized. He runs smack into the same things that he tried to avoid in the dust of the narrow, winding alleys of Baghdad. Is it any wonder that his faith might be shaken by the force of the impact? Are we to be surprised when he stops and begins to doubt, seeing all worlds apparently against his world, the world of Christ? Above and beyond the brilliance and the mystery of the stars, he has soared—to find dust.

Star dust is a pretty word; a decade ago it made a pretty song. But you can't make worlds out of it, for the very meaning of the term is that a world has crumbled. You can't even create an atmosphere with star dust, for who wants his world surrounded by dead things forever falling? Over here we are trying to create an atmosphere for the Christian boy of Baghdad but we are not using star dust. For our little world is built on life and living things and things that cannot die.



The most perfect instance of Cape Cod humor was the reply of a Buzzards Bay native to President Cleveland. Cleveland had missed his way after a long day's fishing. It was pouring rain; he was afoot. When he knocked at the door of a lonely farmhouse, a voice from a second-floor window asked him what he wanted.

"I want to stay here tonight," called the President.

"Well," replied the voice, "stay there."

From Pedestrian Papers by Walter S. Hinchman (Houghton, Mifflin).

They Stayed With Their People

By TIMOTHY LEAHY

Condensed from the *Far East**

Thy people, my people

Hanyang had been bombed: bombed to smithereens! The day before, despite the 50 previous raids, its winding lanes and crooked streets were thronged as usual with thousands of people. Today it was just a jumble of debris, ruined homes, refugees, broken bricks, firewood, corpses. The survivors of its 500,000 inhabitants crept from their dugouts.

Bombing was nothing new to the people of Hanyang. They had lived through it two or three times a week during the previous six months. But this last bombing—two hours of shattering high explosives without a lull!

Lin Day May, one of our Chinese helpers, crept from his hiding hole into the sunlight. Comedy is always just around the corner from tragedy in China and Lin Day May was a star comedian, when comedy was needed most. Brushing some bits of debris from the top of his Chinese hat, he remarked, "Well, we don't have to use those dugouts again."

This was the unspoken decision of every person in that little circle. Instantaneously, as if by some telepathy, this thought flashed through every nook and cranny of what was once Hanyang. There were no arguments or council meetings; only one word was said: "*Wo-men tsou!*" ("Let's go!")

Feverishly every Chinese household and his wife gathered together bundles of rice, corn, beans, infants in arms, and started on their long dreary trek for the unknown. Five hours later Hanyang was a city of the dead.

Among those who left the ruined city that day was a priest who once had known a peaceful parish in Brooklyn—Bishop Galvin. With Fathers Crossan and O'Brien he crossed the Han river to the neighboring city of Hankow, where he was joined by a few other priests, three Brothers and the Sisters of three communities.

During those mild September days of 1938, while the statesmen of Europe conferred at Munich, and while the war-conscious world was seething with excitement, though still at peace, 20 million refugees were passing through central China, seeking a haven of safety. In Hankow, Catholic and Protestant missionaries, the Chinese and foreign chambers of commerce and the heads of the Red Cross met to tackle the seemingly impossible task of caring for the most destitute.

Bishop Galvin was appointed chairman of the committee. The extraordinary welfare work that he and his helpers, including many missionaries of other denominations, performed is well known. I shall now try to follow the trail of millions of refugees, who

**St. Columbans, Neb.* March, 1943.

did not stay in Hankow but set out for Chungking on foot, 1,000 miles away. For the first 200 miles their path led straight through our vicariate.

Since my return home, I have read a few descriptions by newspapermen who were sent to cover the Sino-Japanese war in central China at that time. In describing the running battles between the opposing armies, one or two of them state rather naively that, as far as they knew, they were the only white men who had penetrated to this particular war zone. The prosaic fact is that there is scarcely a county from Shanghai to Chungking or from Peiping to Canton where the local Catholic missionary was not continuously at work, as the tide of war ebbed and flowed. Today, three years later, he is still at his post.

In our own hospital in Hanyang, operating with money contributed by an Irish relief fund, Sister Mary Paul and her fellow Sisters of St. Columban took care of 300 transient wounded soldiers. The Hanyang Lorettes battled gangrene and cholera in a huge camp of war casualties. Our temporary shelters housed as many as 500 air-raid victims at once. Similar things were done in every parish in China. I have seen no newspaper accounts of what happened in the battles beyond Hankow. But during that whole time, I was meeting white men — Catholic missionary priests, each of them with dozens of tales of breath-taking experiences in the war, although, to date, it has not occurred to any of them to break into print.

Some of these men were New York Franciscans whom I met on the road from time to time, as they traveled on foot at the rate of 15 or 20 miles a day from Hankow to Shasi, a distance of some 400 miles. Sometimes they made long detours to circumvent bandits and Japanese sentries; and sometimes, when the opposing armies were too close for comfort, they postponed their day's travel for obvious reasons, and with the help of local boys sneaked through at night.

Others were the Italian Franciscans across the river, who for a long period were in the thickest part of the fighting. But naturally the men I met most frequently were our own priests of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society who had lived in that zone before the war and remained to "mingle with fury."

These I met at the most unexpected times and places. There was Father Harry Collins, for instance, across the way in Chi-Wu-Tai, who was temporarily ejected from his home when his house and church were shelled. While sitting in his room discussing the local war situation with some Chinese Catholics, he had the unique experience of seeing a shell breeze in through the framework and a portion of the wall. It landed just beside him on the floor, where it failed to explode. A split second later, two shells whistled through the wall of his church. He lived to tell the tale and is still in Chi-Wu-Tai.

Then there was Father Joseph Grimes, who lived in the ill-fated little town of Kingshan. This town was the

target for an aerial bombardment that lasted 80 minutes. Since there were no dugouts, the loss of life was high. When the raid was over, one house remained intact; the rest, including Father Grimley's, were reduced to shambles. The report of his death was widely circulated, but he was one of the few in Kingshan to come through unscathed.

A few days later, Father Fergus Murphy and Father Loughran made their way to the ruined city to do what they could for the sick, starving, and dying. The people were there in thousands, trying to salvage what they could from the ruins. Many of them had already reconstructed temporary shelters of matting and bamboo, when suddenly the leveled town was bombed for the second time. Hundreds were killed, but the two priests, with the luck of the Irish, came through without a scratch.

Father Bob Staples remained in Yikow, though most of the inhabitants had fled, and, like the priests in all the other parishes, he acted in the delicate role of liaison officer between the invaders and the people. For several months Father McNamara and Father Tracy lived by night in a little boat on the river and attended to the needs of their stricken people during the day.

I left Hankow to be present with my people in Mienyang, when the invaders would arrive. (At that time the Japanese were hourly expected in Hankow. They actually reached there the day after I left.) I set out with Father Joseph Hogan, for his quarters a short

distance farther up the Han river.

Next day, Father Hogan accompanied me for a few miles of my way. He described a recent incident that illustrates superbly the intricacies of the Chinese language.

Directly over his head a Chinese and a Japanese pilot were engaged in a dog-fight. Suddenly the Chinese plane zoomed down like a stone. A few hundred feet above the ground, it pulled out of the dive, leveled off and made a perfect emergency landing about 200 yards from Father Hogan. He and several Chinese spectators rushed up to the plane. Every foot of it seemed punctured with bullet holes. The pilot, very excited, shouted, "*Wo song tsai na li?*"

In nine cases out of ten this means, "Where have I landed?" The people answered cheerfully, "Oh, you have landed here in Hanyang."

"I don't mean that," he cried impatiently. "*Wo song tsai na li?*"

Luckily someone caught on. You see, the word *sang* besides meaning *upon* also means *wounded*, and what he wanted to know was, "Where am I wounded?" Father Hogan examined him and found he was not wounded at all. Everybody laughed and felt happy—the pilot happiest of all.

We had gone only a short distance from this place, when several Japanese planes hovered overhead, some dropping small bombs, some strafing with machine guns. The roads and fields were black with refugees fleeing in all directions. The roar of the Chinese ack-ack guns on near-by hills was deaf-

ening. Flying shrapnel was much too intimate to be comfortable, so Father Hogan and I, following the example of the other refugees, fled from the road to a neighboring field and hid behind a Chinese grave mound for 20 minutes, until the raid ceased.

After leaving Father Hogan, I went by bicycle to the village of Tsai-Tien about ten miles up the river. Air-raid bells were ringing as I arrived. I entered the house of Father Patrick McGuire, expecting to find him in his dugout. To my surprise he was calmly sitting in his kitchen, reading a newspaper. After a few words of greeting, I said, "Father Pat, the air-raid warning sounded about five minutes ago. How about getting into your 'subway'?"

"No!" he said, in his inimitable North-of-Ireland accent. "That is the 13th warning today. They ring the

same bell for the warning as they do for the all-clear, so you never know which is which."

Tsai-Tien to Mo-Wang-Tsui is a long, tiresome journey on foot. The going was particularly slow on that day, as all China seemed to be marching along the road. As far as the eye could see, there were people, people, people. Young men in the prime of life, some of them evidently wealthy, but the majority of them conspicuously poor; husbands, wives and their families; hundreds of men of the coolie class who seemed to be marching in some sort of crude formation; company after company of soldiers; young college girls beautifully dressed; destitute middle-aged women with babies in their arms; old women of 70 with bound feet—all were trudging along over this dirt pathway in the slush and rain.



When

Religion on which the doors of diplomacy seem to have been slammed is the main pillar of civilization. Without it there can be no international righteousness, no justice, no common decency, no guaranteeing of the honor of the pledged word. Without religion no state can long endure. That should now be clear enough. If religious principles governed all treaty makers, there would be no treaty breakers. If religious feelings beat in the hearts of would-be destroyers, there would be no destruction. When national consciousness and individual consciousness are developed through belief in religion, when religion is accepted as the central pivot and the motivating force of life and conduct, then the doom of civilization may be averted, but not till then.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Christianity in the Factory

By J. BENNETT

Condensed from the *Clergy Review**

Encyclical at work before it was written

"**L**et us go to the machine and baptize it," sums up in one phrase the lifelong apostolate of Leo Harmel, woolen manufacturer of Val des Bois, near Rheims. His aim was to "make the majestic rhythm of machinery, the toil of the factory, the whole industrial world, in fact, sing the glory of the Creator who gave man intelligence and genius. The smoke from factory chimneys should no longer seem to be an outpouring from the infernal regions, but rather incense rising to heaven as an act of homage from toil that is sanctified."

Leo Harmel was born in 1829. "My mother already had three children. At the birth of the last the doctor had told her that she would die if she did not take several years' rest. My mother just laughed at these gloomy predictions, and said gaily, 'The good God will do as He wills, I belong to Him.' And 16 months later I arrived on the scene. Four other children came after I did." The name Leo was given to him in honor of Pope Leo XII who had died a week before he was born. No more fitting name could have been found for the man destined to be a close collaborator with Pope Leo XIII, the Pope of the great social encyclicals.

Recently the *Universe* announced in a headline: "Factory Boss May Be Saint," quoting a Vatican notice that

Leo Harmel's beatification is being discussed. Outside the ranks of social students, the very name of Harmel is unknown, and even they know little of his great work, or his position in the industrial world of France for over half a century, or his friendship with successive popes from Pius IX to Benedict XV.

The factory at Val des Bois was a family concern, already well established when, at the age of 25, Leo Harmel—who had once hoped to be a priest—succeeded his father, Jacques Joseph Harmel, who had blazed the trail his son was to follow. When Jacques Joseph first came to Val des Bois hardly a man dared be seen at Mass for fear of ridicule, and the average employer accepted no responsibility for the moral or spiritual welfare of his workmen. But the "Harmel method" gradually changed all this on the principle that payment of a merely material wage carries with it an obligation to provide a moral and religious wage as well.

To begin his task, Harmel had to form a Christian nucleus among his workpeople. Only good Christian families, therefore, were recruited for work in the factory, and if the families were large so much the better. He employed all the working members of a family to encourage family unity, even in working hours. To prevent exploita-

*28 Ashley Place, London, S. W. 1, England. January, 1943.

tion he abolished subletting of labor, and the complete family wage was paid to the father by the employer himself. Thus the unity of the family was preserved, as well as the dignity of the father, and personal relations were maintained between employer and workpeople. Finally, in 1891, what Harmel called "a family supplement to wages," was established on the principle that a family as a family was entitled to an income out of industry sufficient for its needs. This is perhaps the first instance of what we now call "family allowances."

As early as 1863 a school was opened under the Brothers of Christian Doctrine which apprentices of 15 and over attended at least one hour every day. An orphanage and a hostel for girls date from the same period. Confraternities for women and girls, men and boys, soon followed. But the crowning work was a chapel where daily Mass was celebrated. Christ the Workman of Nazareth thus came into association with His brethren of Val des Bois. This chapel, like the employer's house, was actually on the factory grounds, but it soon came to be recognized as a chapel of ease where the family and the employees were privileged to fulfill all their religious duties. In 1874, shortly after Harmel had extended his apostolate, a disastrous fire burned down most of the factory, but stayed its course at a statue of our Lady. From this incident arose devotion to Our Lady of the Factory, which developed into an archconfraternity. Leo XIII finally extended it to the whole world.

This spiritual formation was the basis of the industrial and social training in responsibility which Harmel proposed to share with his workpeople. Final direction of the firm should remain the concern of the owners, but all matters affecting working conditions and the welfare of the employees were to come under a joint council of employers and workpeople, with other committees to cover the many other activities of the factory. By 1911 there were 24 committees, the most important a factory council dealing with accidents, health, apprenticeship, work, and wages. Others dealt with such matters as old-age pensions, family supplements, savings banks, investments in the business, cooperative buying, allotments, sports, arts, and schools, to name only some of them.

Paternalism in industry is suspect because it may cloak tyranny under an assumed benevolence, but Harmel with his passion for justice avoided most of the pitfalls, and justified his title of *Bon Père*. He had a genius for getting others to develop initiative. *Faire faire* was his motto, and while discussion was good, action was better. His workmen were free to reject all plans but insurance, which was made compulsory. Houses were provided for many of the families, but they were dissuaded from purchase, lest they be tied for life to the one village and the one factory.

Critics waited in vain for Harmel to go bankrupt, but in spite of all his commitments and his apparently Utopian ideas he was a shrewd businessman, and his methods produced an in-

creasingly excellent balance sheet year by year. His workpeople considered investment in the industry as a gilt-edged security. No matter what political and industrial upheavals disturbed France, the Harmel factory enjoyed peace. Strikes and lockouts were unknown. Even during the Franco-Prussian War, when Val des Bois became a Prussian Army headquarters, the factory managed to continue in full production. It is difficult to give any approximate idea of the number of employees, though there were continuous developments. In 1894 a census of Val des Bois shows a population of 255 families, 1,174 persons, of whom 610 were employees (399 men and 211 women).

Under Harmel's direction Val des Bois soon became a Christian oasis in an industrial wilderness. To it flocked leading social reformers like Count Albert de Mun and the Marquis du Tour du Pin, who aspired to the formation of a Christian society; Christian employers; members of study circles both lay and clerical; leading members of working-class organizations, Christian and Socialist. Particularly dear was Val des Bois to the Archbishop of Rheims, Cardinal Langénieux. Here was to be seen Christianity in action.

Obviously Harmel could not confine his apostolate to his own factory. From 1871 onwards he was in great demand at all the French Christian social congresses, where he was called on to explain his methods, and he soon came to be recognized as the leading French Christian industrialist. He was per-

suaded to embody his method in two publications, *The Manual of a Christian Corporation*, and *The Employer's Catechism*. The Holy See repeatedly blessed his work, and he was careful always in case of doubt to seek advice from the Holy Father himself. His activities did more than those of any other layman to prepare the way for Leo XIII's encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

Some 50 Catholic firms followed his lead, not a large number, as he confessed, but he created an atmosphere in industry the good influence of which could not be measured. He regretted that opposition, timidity, cupidity, and social and political disunion among Catholics prevented the creation of a solid Christian front against the economic liberalism of the age. Where his ideal was not possible he advocated separate unions of Christian employers and workmen, especially in larger units of industry. His point was that the working classes were on the march, anyway, and that if they were not organized on a Christian basis they would fall under the power of the anti-Christian forces of Socialism. Subsequent events justified him.

All his life he strove to weld industry closely to the Holy See. This inspired another great work, the organization of pilgrimages of masters and workmen to Rome. The Holy Father would thus be able personally to bless industry, and to teach and encourage the Christianizing of workshop and factory. The suggestion appealed strongly to Leo XIII, and the pilgrim-

ages of *France au Travail* began in 1885 with 100 employers. This was followed by a pilgrimage of 100 employers, 1,000 workmen, and 300 priests. In 1888 they numbered 10,000.

On May 15, 1891, appeared the Magna Charta of the working classes, the *Rerum Novarum*. Leo Harmel led 20,000 pilgrims in thanksgiving to Leo XIII. Transport and hostel problems meant spreading the various groups over several weeks. Princes of the Church and Roman nobility vied with one another in caring for the pilgrims and serving them at table. To the Pope, who had lost his temporal power but had surely won the heart of the French working classes, these were the greatest days of his pontificate. Freemasonry looked on with alarm, powerless, until an incident at the Pantheon on Oct. 2 played into its hands.

A French seminarist, one of a party of *La Jeunesse Catholique* and not associated with *La France au Travail*, instead of writing his name in the register at the Pantheon, wrote, "Long live the Pope." The Pantheon was the resting place of Victor Emmanuel, the king of the spoliation, and Oct. 2 was the date in 1871 when the spoliation was ratified by plebiscite. An uproar ensued, passions were inflamed, the incident was magnified into an attack on united Italy, and the French pilgrims were hurriedly hustled over the frontier. When passions cooled, other pilgrimages of French workmen went to Rome, but the glory of 1891 was never quite recaptured.

A patriarch to his wider family of employees, Harmel kept alive a strong sense of unity in what he loved to call the Harmel tribe. Married in 1853, he lost his wife 18 years later, a crushing blow which left him father and mother to eight surviving children. By nature austere, he brought them up strictly, with a sense of duty towards the community which allowed no place for privilege.

Occupied as he was with business, congresses, pilgrimages, visitors, and family affairs, his main concern was always his own and his workmen's salvation. Very early he had started the *Association Intime*, made up of the sick who were asked to become voluntary victims of suffering. He had a wonderful gift of sympathy and consolation, and he could enlist sympathy for others.

Luxury had no place in his home. He often tasted success, but if failure would increase the number of souls saved, it would be welcome. By nature as proud as the next, he strove after humility, practiced continuous self-denial, took the discipline, and cultivated a spirit of prayer by daily meditation. Exact in business, he was just as exact in the affairs of his spiritual life.

To his spiritual director he was allowed to take a vow of obedience. He made the heroic act of charity, and took a vow to "ask our Lord daily to accept him as a voluntary victim, and to lead him according to the divine good pleasure by the way of crosses and sufferings." Later he vowed him-

self the slave of the Sacred Heart and our Lady in the spirit of Grignon de Montfort.

In 1914 Harmel was 85 years old, but still in harness. He had foreseen the first World War, and had made such preparations as he could. When the storm broke, he was persuaded to retire to Nice. Val des Bois was again a German-army headquarters, but this time the factory was stripped and the

workers scattered. What the position is today we must wait to learn. In his semireirement he kept in touch with as many of his family and workpeople as possible. Benedict XV granted him the privilege of daily Mass and reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in his house. He died on Nov. 25, 1915, in exile from his beloved Val des Bois, blessing his workers, his children, everyone.



The Flowers in May

More than 500 flowers were named after the blessed Mother. Many of the names have died out today, but a few remain: the marigold, for instance. It was the court flower of Montezuma, emperor of Mexico. Spanish soldiers took this golden-yellow flower back to Europe with them, and in a few years it was the favorite of all farm folk. Devout peasants made bouquets of it for the Virgin's altars and began to call it Mary's Gold, or marigold.

Others which have come down to us in abbreviated form are the rosemary, which means Mary's Tree, and the costmary, or Mary's Balsam. Then there is the beautiful lady's-slipper which once was Our Lady's Slipper.

Fortunate were those flowers which recalled the physical beauties of the Virgin. The forget-me-not once bore the enviable name of Eyes of Mary; the Virginia spiderwort was the Virgin's Tears; the silverweed was the Hands of Mary; the familiar honeysuckle, Our Lady's Fingers.

Following them in the hierarchy of perfection were the flowers which represented Mary's garments and wearing apparel. The morning-glory was known as Our Lady's Mantle. The foxglove was Our Lady's Glove, while the Fuchsia was known as Our Lady's Eardrops.

Then as the Mother of God, like all good housewives, did needlework, the bugloss was Our Lady's Flannel; the dodder, Our Lady's Lace; the geranium, the Madonna's Pins; the harebell, Our Lady's Thimble; and the thrift pink was Our Lady's Cushion.

Then there is balm, or Sweet Mary; the mullein, the Virgin's Candle; wild thyme, Dear Mother's Love; the viola, Our Lady's Delight; periwinkle, the Virgin Flower; and the wild strawflower, or Lady Never-fade.

The Death of Charles Carroll

Independent signer of the Declaration

By ELLEN HART SMITH

Condensed chapter of a book*

He knew how to grow old gracefully. In 1817 he was 80, an age which few gentlemen of his gouty era attained. Those who did were usually groaning over some ailment or other and were far from enjoying life, but Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the exception to every rule. In the first place, he took a cold plunge every morning at Doughoregan Manor, where he had had a "limestone bath" built. Then he rode around his estate, or called on some of his neighbors. It was nothing for him to ride 20 miles in the course of a morning; and the horses he rode were not plugs, either; he took as much pride as ever in being superbly mounted.

He still kept open house, frequently entertaining a dozen or more guests. After dinner (at which there had been no specially prepared mushy dishes for Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, but the same Madeira and Maryland ham the others enjoyed) the guests would retire for naps and their host would retire to his library to catch up on his reading. Cicero, Theocritus, the elder Pliny—he felt the need for reading as other people feel the need for sleep—Molière, Racine, Voltaire; the newspapers; the new books sent from England. His eyesight was still excellent, and his mind found its accustomed fare as easily digestible as ever. Later in the after-

noon he would ride again, or play with his younger grandchildren; in the evening there would be more guests or, if one of his older granddaughters were visiting him, even a ball. Mr. Carroll had long since lost his taste for dancing—though nobody doubted that he was physically quite able to lead every figure—but he still enjoyed watching it over his chessboard. If, that is, he had been able to get any of the guests to take him on. But Mr. Carroll had been playing brilliant chess for nearly 60 years now; most of them knew his reputation, and nobody likes to be beaten every game. Early in the evening, he would courteously excuse himself to the company and go to bed; but not because he was tired; rather, because he expected to be up "before day" in the morning.

People in Baltimore and in Anne Arundel county could have told you years before that Mr. Carroll of Carrollton was a remarkable person, but the country at large was only beginning to realize it. Even back in the days when he had held public office he had been more prominent in Maryland affairs than in national ones; he had never been nationally known in the sense that Washington and Franklin and Jefferson were. It was his own fault; instead of eagerly accepting (but with a proper show of reluctance, of

*Charles Carroll of Carrollton. 1942. *Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.* 311 pp. \$3.75.

course) every honor that came his way, he had refused several important posts which would have brought him into the public eye. On top of that he had deliberately made himself unpopular. He had clung to certain principles of the Federalist party at a time when most of its members were finding it expedient to modify their views.

But he really enjoyed taking part in the public ceremonies which celebrated Lafayette's visit to America in 1824. The two men had had little enough in common back in the war days, but the passage of time had made less formidable the 20 years' difference between their ages, and Lafayette's mind was no longer that of the immature boy who had found it romantic to enlist for American liberty. Carroll was proud to be the friend of this man who had opposed the violence of the Jacobins, had counseled and tried to enforce moderation, only to lose his immense personal popularity in doing so. He was tremendously interested to hear now at first hand how Lafayette had been imprisoned for his sympathy with the conservatives, and how Napoleon had finally seen to it that he was freed; he was especially glad to hear, at long last, something good about Napoleon.

Now that he was the Last of the Signers—people pronounced the title solemnly, as if it were written in capitals—Charles Carroll of Carrollton found himself more than ever a national figure. He received an increasingly large number of delegations; a newspaper was named after him; he

had more invitations than he could have accepted if he had wished to; he was visited by every tourist who could obtain an introduction; he was showered with ridiculous but kindly meant little presents of the type that still go to the White House. Carroll never failed to write graceful little notes of appreciation for these gadgets.

A compliment more to his liking than most of those he received was the franking privilege conferred on him by Congress. He felt real appreciation every time he wrote on the outside of an envelope, "Ch. Carroll of C—free." He still liked to save money on little things like postage. It was one of the family characteristics which made him as well as his father the richest man in America.

The anecdotes of visitors help fill in the picture of Charles Carroll in his old age. John H. B. Latrobe, who knew him well, described him as he appeared a few years before his death: "In my mind's eye I see Mr. Carroll now, a small, attenuated old man, with a prominent nose and somewhat receding chin, small eyes that sparkled when he was interested in conversation. His head was small and his hair white, rather long and silky, while his face and forehead were seamed with wrinkles. But old and feeble as he seemed to be, his manner and speech were those of a refined and courteous gentleman, and you saw at a glance whence came the charm that so eminently distinguished his son, Carroll of Homewood, and his daughters, Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Caton."

Most of the people who visited and were impressed by the old Signer were pleasantly impressed with his family as well. Some of his children and grandchildren were always visiting him when he stayed at the manor in the summertime, and he no longer spent the winter months in Annapolis as he and his father had used to do. Poor old Annapolis had had its day. By the first quarter of the new century it had already atrophied into the dreariness which would distinguish it for many years, and those who remembered it in its brilliant heyday, as Charles Carroll did, found it depressing as well as dull. Baltimore was now the Maryland metropolis, the interesting place to be. Mary, the elder daughter and favorite child, the one who had married Richard Caton, lived in Baltimore, and Charles Carroll was finally persuaded to spend the winter months at her house. But he insisted on paying Mary board. Quite aside from the strangers who came to see him out of curiosity, he had more company—or so they used to say—than anyone else in Baltimore.

His favorite visitors (for he was slannish like all the Carrolls) were the members of his own family.

He worried about his daughters, Mary and Kitty. Mary had a habit of "lolling on the bed, and reading romances," and he was fully "persuaded that the frequent lecture of novels unfits the mind for solid improvement." But Mary was not interested in solid improvement. Her father was concerned over the fact that she thought

too much about social position and the correct thing—earlier Carrolls had never considered this necessary—and he did not hesitate to tell her about it. Kitty was extravagant. As a matron she was as irresponsible as she had been as a girl. He did not hesitate to tell her about that either.

All this must have been a little trying for those dignified ladies, Mrs. Caton and Mrs. Harper, middle-aged women now and venerated grandparents in their own right. But they bore very patiently with papa. They adored him and they understood him. If he criticized now it was because he still blamed himself for giving his children too little of his time. He was still trying to make it up to them.

The three Caton sisters—called in English society the Three American Graces—received enough attention to turn the heads of much more experienced ladies, and their grandfather was more than a little concerned about them.

Yet he continued to make it possible for the Caton girls to stay in England and move in the most expensive social circles. Soon all three of them were entirely lost to their family in America, marrying abroad. Mary Ann's husband, Robert Patterson, died and his widow married old Lord Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's elder brother and lord lieutenant of Ireland. Col. Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, Louisa's husband, died, too, and she married another Englishman, the Marquis of Carmarthen, who was heir to the Duke of Leeds. Elizabeth, the third

sister, did less brilliantly but well enough when she married the eighth Baron Stafford. Titles, anyhow, for three of her four daughters—surely society-minded Mary Caton had reason to be pleased.

It must not be supposed that Charles Carroll in his old age got all his social excitement vicariously, from the gaieties of his grandchildren. He maintained a distinct social life of his own. Most of the friends of his own age had, it is true, predeceased him; but they would have been in any case too old for him now. For Mr. Carroll had stayed young in spite of his years. Younger people—even quite young people—found that he was only too glad to meet them on their own level, and was perfectly able to do so. Though old-fashioned in his dress, he was modern in his point of view. He still kept up with world politics, and when President Jackson and his cabinet came to dinner on his 94th birthday he surprised some of the gentlemen by his ability to discuss current events as knowledgeably as any of them.

A constant flow of company, however, was not enough to occupy the good and well-used mind which still distinguished the last surviving Signer. Nor were his other diversions: the autograph collection he had started when he was 90, the basketful of "beautiful puppies" his old favorite Flora had contributed to the liveliness of his bedroom, or even the instruction he gave his great-grandchildren in the French language. (This last he enjoyed

most of all, and visitors were politely reconciled to listen while the infant prodigy warbled a little "French song," grandpa beating out the time with an encouraging forefinger.) He had been busy all his life, working hard at something or other, and found himself much too old now to break the habit.

Idleness in a nonagenarian, he considered, was no less reprehensible than in a youth. So he set regular working hours for himself. He mapped out elaborate courses of reading—a three-year comparative study of religions was only one of them—and made notes as conscientiously as if he had some chance of using them later. In his spare moments he still kept the "plantation books," the personalized record of all the colored people who lived on his estates. He did much of the work connected with the American Colonization Society. He still took care of all his own charities, which were numerous enough to take a good deal of his time, especially as his mail was flooded with begging letters, every one of which he insisted on carefully investigating. Most of his business affairs were out of his hands—he had executed a power of attorney to his son-in-law Richard Caton, his grandson Charles Carroll, and his grandson-in-law John MacTavish—but he did continue to take an active interest in those businesses which seemed to him connected with the growth of America. He sat on the Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and was connected also with the

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company with which the old Potomac Company had merged in 1823 and which would also lay its tracks into the Middle West. When in 1828 he laid the cornerstone for the B & O he remarked that it seemed to him an occasion second in importance only to his signing the Declaration of Independence.

The 1830's brought with them the realization that perhaps, after all, old Mr. Carroll of Carrollton was not going to live forever. A strange gentleman who met him a short time before his death found, however, that he was still a commanding personality. "Entering his drawing room, I found him reposing on a sofa and covered with a shawl, and was not even aware of his presence, so shrunk and shrivelled by the lapse of years was his originally feeble frame. But the little heap on the sofa was soon seen stirring, and, rousing himself from his midday nap, he rose and greeted me with a courtesy and grace which I shall never forget.

"In the 95th year of his age, as he was, and within a few months of his death, it is not surprising that there should be little for me to recall of that interview save his eager inquiries about James Madison, whom I had just visited at Montpelier, and his affectionate allusions to John Adams, who had gone before him."

Carroll's mind was still as clear as crystal about the events and the men of the American Revolution. It was his favorite topic. But on more recent events his memory was increasingly dim. He enjoyed his books—which

were not light literature—as much as he ever had. Unfortunately, his eyesight had begun to fail and this disability weighed heavily upon him.

For a time he had stubbornly refused to be read aloud to. It was not the same. But finally he yielded gracefully to the realization that his eyes would never be any better. His friends were very kind about coming in the mornings to read to him, and his granddaughter, Emily Caton MacTavish, was always ready to take her turn. Emily wrote his family letters for him, too, nursed him when he was ill—he was ill more often now—and saw to it that his company was amusing but not overirrigating. Mr. Carroll frequently said that he did not know what he would do without her.

He was not well all during the year 1831, but he made a remarkable recovery, and in the spring of 1832, Philip Hone, revisiting Baltimore, was amazed to find Carroll again able to ride considerable distances on horseback. They rode all around Baltimore, visiting Doughoregan Manor and another country seat besides. Even so, Hone could not fail to see that he had aged greatly in the last two years.

Mr. Carroll was well enough during the warm summer months, but when the time came for him to celebrate his 95th birthday he was gravely ill, so ill that Father John M. Chanche was called in to administer the sacraments. "Emily sent you to me," Mr. Carroll greeted him. "She takes care of both my body and my soul." During these last months Mrs. MacTavish had given al-

most all her time to his care and entertainment. She and Mrs. Caton shared the nursing. The doctors, one of them Dr. Richard Steuart, whose family had been old friends of the Carrolls in Annapolis, came in every day, but there was nothing they could do. Mr. Carroll was not in pain; he was simply very old, too old to go on living. His body had grown pitifully frail—he weighed now less than 100 pounds—but his spirit was as indomitable as ever. He still insisted on being propped up on a couch or in an easy chair, rather than go ignominiously to bed, and he was unbelievably cheerful. He could still make little jokes about his doctors, his Aesculapiuses, as he called them (no one had ever “enjoyed” a classical education more richly than Charles Carroll had), and it was he who comforted his daughter Mary and his granddaughter Emily when they could no longer wipe away tears without his seeing them. He fully realized that he was dying; he realized as fully that dying did not matter.

They called the priest for the last time on Nov. 13, late in the afternoon. It was very cold weather, and there was a great fire in the big corner bedroom which Charles Carroll had not left for some time. His daughters and some of his grandchildren were with him, together with a few intimate friends, and, of course, Dr. Steuart. When Father Chanche arrived and prepared to administer the last rites three or four old colored servants tiptoed into the room to kneel behind the white folks who were forming a

semicircle in front of the fireplace. Old Mr. Carroll had been placed in a large easy chair; before him the blessed candles, a crucifix, and a silver bowl of holy water stood on a little table. A daughter and grandchildren knelt on either side of his chair.

Dr. Steuart, kneeling too, out of courtesy, was profoundly impressed: “The ceremony proceeded. The old gentleman had been for a long time suffering from weak eyes, and could not endure the proximity of the lights immediately before him. His eyes were three-fourths kept closed, but he was so familiar with the forms of this solemn ceremony that he responded and acted as if he saw everything.”

The rites completed and the tears wiped away from black faces as well as white—for Mr. Carroll had been as kind a master as a father—his physician suggested that he take a little nourishment, for he had been fasting all day. “Thank you, Doctor, not just now,” Mr. Carroll answered him gently; “this ceremony to the Christian supplies all the wants of nature. I feel no desire for food.”

They got him into bed and he thanked them with his usual courtesy. He continued to refuse food and a little later fell into a light sleep; but he appeared to be lying in an uncomfortable position, and his granddaughter Emily asked the doctor to move him a little. Charles Carroll roused long enough to say again, “Thank you, Doctor,” and again slept. He died quietly in his sleep, some time after midnight.

Has a Woman Got a Soul?

Open letter to former Prime Minister
R. G. Menzies of Australia

By F. J. CORDER

Condensed from the Melbourne *Advocate**

Dear Bob: Accustomed to being involved in political arguments, it will possibly refresh you to find yourself being differed from merely on a matter of historical accuracy. And you would wish, I am sure, that your controversial opponent be one who, like you, has the privilege of having been an early committee member of the Melbourne University Historical Society, where we both paid tribute to the view that history accurately known and studied is a powerful aid to practical affairs.

In this instance, history points out a misstatement you made quite unwittingly merely by adopting hearsay.

Your statement which I controvert is, as reported in the *Age* of Jan. 30: "In the Middle Ages divines solemnly disputed as to whether woman had a soul . . .".

Now, if there had been such disputations, they would, I should think, have been conducted with solemnity. But your use of the word *solemnly* seems to suggest flippantly that the idea was an absurd one, and that those who disputed acted absurdly and stupidly. The origin of it as a story is the account (at second hand) by Gregory of Tours of the Council of Macon, of the year 585. There, when a question arose on some indifferent topic, a "divine," with a caution that might well be emulated at all conferences, urged consideration

of the terms of the motion, and raised the query whether the word *homo*, meaning *man*, could be taken to include *woman*.

In Gregory's account of the council, he says: "There was one of the bishops who declared that a woman could not be called *homo*. But when the other bishops had reasoned with him he held his peace."

There is no suggestion that the possession of a soul entered into the discussion, much less any assertion to the contrary. Yet this is the only direct evidence that has ever been brought forward to sustain the charge. The discussion referred to by Gregory is not mentioned in the official decrees of the council, and the baselessness of the whole story is thus summed up by two writers who have searched all the records:

1. M. Paul Argeles, in *L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs* (Paris) of April 20, 1902, concludes the story of his researches with the words: "In point of fact, the Council of Macon was an absolute stranger to the discussion which legend has attributed to it."

2. Leclercq, editing Hefele's *Conciliengeschichte*, discusses the point thoroughly, and on page 213 says: "The difficulty raised has nothing to do with the human and rational soul of woman, but only with the name

* 143-151 à Beckett St., Melbourne, C. 1, Australia. Feb. 4, 1943.

man (homo) which this pedantic bishop is surprised to find applied to a female."

No one will realize better than you that the question, as propounded by the bishop, has some point in it, and in this respect you will recall that, according to section 16 of the Acts Interpretation Act: "Words importing the masculine gender shall be deemed and taken to include females unless the contrary as to gender is expressly provided."

This question came under my notice many years ago, and I remember paying a special visit to the British Museum to consult authorities regarding it. It is probably your bad luck that the newspaper report of your broadcast came under the notice of the only person in Australia who could refute it with the backing of such an inquiry. But, in the interests of historical accuracy, you will, I am sure, not resent my bringing the matter to your notice. For you have quoted somebody else, as

such a person quoted someone earlier, perhaps a quarter century or a half century intervening, without the matter being considered in a true historical spirit. And, unless the matter be now raised, someone might repeat it a quarter century or a half century hence, and the story would then have behind it the weight of your name, without any memorandum of contradiction, which you will doubtless now supply.

So, my dear Bob, I have written this, more in sorrow than in anger, because your words have seemed, unwittingly, to cast some slur upon people of an earlier age with whom, in fact, you are almost certainly in agreement; for they, by acting upon the views of their own predecessors in upholding Christianity, played a part in granting to women a dignity of status which in pagan times they did not possess, and without which political equality and the contribution which women can today make to political affairs would have been impossible.



Needed: 1,000 Chaplains

By BISHOP JOSEPH P. HURLEY of St. Augustine

Condensed from the *Florida Catholic**

Too few, too late?

In Florida alone there are many large camps without priest chaplains, and many others where their numbers are wholly inadequate. The same sorry

condition exists elsewhere in the South where most of the trainees have been sent. Down here in the Southland, we have not the personnel nor have we the

*St. Augustine, Fla. March 5, 1943.

financial resources to cope with the immense number of soldiers and sailors.

It makes one sick at heart to see what is happening on every side, and not a little indignant at the neglect of their own boys by Church authorities. For two years, attempts have been made by personal visit and by repeated correspondence to awaken them to a realization of what is going on. But it has been largely in vain. Many of the smaller dioceses have sent their full quota of chaplains, as have also a few of the large dioceses, but there has been a strange apathy on the part of those from whom a great deal could have been reasonably expected.

It has been authoritatively stated that we need 1,000 chaplains now. Given the present rate of intake into the services, we shall need an additional 500 before the end of the year.

It is no small matter when tens of thousands of Catholic boys are becoming lax in the practice of their faith because they never see a priest.

The priests of America are not at fault. Every chancery in the country possesses the written evidence that they have offered to volunteer in numbers far beyond any conceivable need. The fault must be found in an unwillingness on the part of higher diocesan authorities to disturb existing organizations; in a persistent inability to face facts; in a tendency which has been all too prevalent in these latter years to engage in negative criticism rather than in constructive collaboration.

If the diocesan authorities cooperate generously and release to the officials of the Military Ordinariate the priests for whom they have so insistently appealed, it will still be possible for the Church to repair much of the damage already done and to stop the leakage for the future. Those of us who have borne the brunt for these past two years pray devoutly that we are nearing the end of the period of befuddlement, and that reinforcements will soon be on the way.



959 Before October

Approximately 4,000 chaplains must be appointed before the end of this year. This number breaks down roughly as follows: Protestant groups, 3,028; Roman Catholic, 959; Jewish, 69. Two hundred thirty-five of the above number should be Negro chaplains, of whom 200 could be assigned to duty today. All appointments must be made three months previous to the close of the year in order to allow time for processing and for attendance at the Chaplain School.

Thus far 42 chaplains were among Army casualties reported, including wounded, killed, prisoners and missing in action.

Chief of Chaplains Arnold in an N.C.W.C. news dispatch.

A Bowl of Odds

By V. J. WALKER

Irish golf

Condensed from the *Father Mathew Record**

A tall, straight, clear-skinned youth divests himself of his jacket and rolls up his sleeves. Someone hands him an iron ball, a little smaller than a tennis ball. It weighs $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. There is a hush on the crowd lining both sides of the road. The tall, straight youth pushes back his cap, and his keen eyes bite into the distance. Suddenly his arm starts to swing in a quick, pendulum motion, and his feet break into a funny little, loose-kneed shuffle that develops into a vigorous sprint, the swinging arm circles powerfully, and the ball flies from his hip, over a hillock on a corner of the road, out of sight. There is a terrific cheer; the ball has landed where he meant it to land, right in the middle of the road on the other side of the hillock.

The place is in County Cork, and the game is bowls; not bowls as it is generally known, but bowls with a kick in it; a game requiring all the strength of a man physically fit, the eye of a huntsman, the skill of a billiard player.

The match I attended started at a little village, where the local champion was meeting a man from Waterfall, a home of good bowl players. At the starting point, officials were counting a considerable sum of money into a box, which was to be strapped to a bicycle and taken to the finishing point.

I buttonholed an enthusiast of the village. "What's in that?" I demanded of him.

"The stake, man, the stakel" he said with a smile. "You see, on all bowling matches there is a stake on each competitor; in this case it amounts to £36 per man."

"But who puts up the money?" I asked.

"It is made up of a number of small bets. Local people make up a sum between them, and this is covered by the supporters of the visiting player. Of course, each man's bet is recorded in a book, and at the end of the match anyone who has backed the winning player receives twice as much as he has bet; for instance, if I have 10 shillings on the winner, I get back a pound, you see?" he smiled, and his eyes twinkled with sheer enjoyment. Suddenly he turned to me again, frowning:

"Pardon me, I made a slight error; I don't get back a pound; I get 19 shillings; you see, the winner of the match receives a shilling out of every pound as his reward."

The game itself is quite simple, although strenuous and very exciting. I was a bit mystified at first, but my friend pointed to a copse on the hillside about two miles away as the crow flies: "D'ye see those trees? Well the game is to get from here along the road

*2 Capel St., Dublin, N. W. 8, Ireland. March, 1943.

to those trees in the least possible number of throws."

By this time the first throw was over, and we walked along, following the game. There was quite a crowd in front, always where the ball ought to land and, judging by what I saw of the ball, in anything but a safe position. We were now standing on top of a hill. The local champion was about to throw, and the frenzied cries of encouragement merged to form a deafening babble of sound.

"Loft it, boy, loft it!"

Just then a man came up with the ball. He beat it with a jagged piece of stone.

"What is he doing that for?" I queried.

"He's taking the smoothness off it, so the player can get a grip."

I didn't like to ask what lofting a ball meant, but my friend put me wise.

"By the way," he explained, "lofting a ball means just tossing it into the air over any obstruction."

In this case there was a bend in the road. I made a mental bet with myself that he wouldn't get it over. I did not believe it humanly possible. He shuffled, he ran, his arm whirled, he leaped into the air, his head jerked back, and the ball left his hand at the hip, whizzing high into the air, and falling like a plummet right in the center of the road. The crowd cheered feverishly, for not only had he cleared the wide corner, but the ball had hopped and rolled on, making his loft well-nigh unbeatable.

Later the local champ made a hercu-

lean throw. I had walked up the road, and was now standing in a knot of men at a spot near where they thought the ball should land. A hoary old veteran reached out a long leg and drew a line in the dust with the toe of his boot.

"I bet an even ten bob he doesn't beat that mark!" he cried.

"You're on!" shouted a man beside him. The ball flew from the local man's hip into the air, and actually landed beyond the mark, to skeet along the road for about 25 yards before stopping. The crowd went mad. The old man handed over his ten-shilling wager quite happily, as if he were surprised and delighted at such a throw. The opponent was unable to cover the distance of this prodigious cast in two throws. This put the local man in the coveted position of being "a bowl of odds" ahead of him.

A bowl of odds can be earned in another way. If a man is lofting a ball across a corner, and the ball drops in the field, that makes him a bowl of odds behind his opponent.

I was yet to see a wonderful demonstration of strength and determination. The local man was now winning by two bowl of odds. About two-thirds of the course had been covered, and the final third was all uphill. On this uphill stretch the loser made up one bowl of odds, and almost the other. Finally, he was beaten by only two yards. All through the match the old custom was observed of each player holding his opponent's coat while the latter threw, and this piece of sportsmanship was

capped at the end of the game by the players shaking hands.

The stake was now being paid out to a crowd who waited in an orderly line for their share. It had started to rain, and the crowd for the most part

crouched under a high hedge. The sun was beginning to sink. The shower of fresh rain had made the dust smell good. My friend collected his winnings, and we headed back towards the village along the Blarney road.



The Reason for Government

The office of government is not purely repressive, to restrain violence, to redress wrongs, and to punish the transgressor. It has something more to do than to restrict our natural liberty, curb our passions, and maintain justice between man and man. Its office is positive as well as negative. It is needed to render the nation an organism, not a mere organization; to combine men in one living body, and to strengthen all with the strength of each, and each with the strength of all; to develop, strengthen, and sustain individual liberty, and to direct it to the promotion of the common weal; to be a social providence, imitating in its order and degree the action of divine providence itself; and, while it provides for the common good of all, to protect each, the lowest and meanest, with the whole force and majesty of society.

It is the minister of wrath to wrongdoers, indeed, but its nature is beneficent; and its action defines and protects the right of property; creates and maintains a medium in which religion can exert her supernatural energy; promotes learning, fosters science and arts; advances civilization; and contributes as a powerful means to the fulfillment by man of the divine purpose in his existence. Next after religion, it is man's greatest good; and even religion without it can do only a small portion of her work. They wrong it who call it a necessary evil; it is a great good, and instead of being distrusted, hated or resisted, except in its abuses, it should be loved, respected, obeyed, and, if need be, defended at the cost of earthly goods, and even of life itself.

Orestes A. Brownson quoted in *The World's Great Catholic Literature* (Macmillan, 1942).

Education at War

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, President, University of Chicago

Law, equality, justice

Condensed from a book*

If you are going to war, you must know what you are fighting for. If you are going to defend territory, you must know what territory to defend. If you are going to defend principles, you must know what they are and why you hold them. We may become faint-hearted, even in defense of our native land, if we believe that the enemy is just as right as we are.

We do not seem to get far talking about democracy. We know that Germany is not one. She says so. We know that Russia is not, though Stalin says she is. We are not sure about some elements of England and France. We are not sure about this country. The reason is, of course, that we do not know what a democracy is. With our vague feeling that democracy is just a way of life, a way of living pleasantly in comparative peace with the world and one another, we may soon begin to wonder whether it can stand the strain of modern times, which are much more complicated than any other times whatever.

Is democracy a good form of government? Is ours a democracy? To defend democracy we must be able to answer these questions. Our ability to answer them is much more important than the quantity or quality of arms and munitions we can hurl at the enemy.

Democracy is not merely a good

*Education for Freedom. 1943. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, La. 108 pp. \$1.50.

form of government; it is the best. Though the democratic ideal has been cherished in this country, it has never been attained. But it can be attained if we have intelligence to understand and the will to achieve it. We must achieve it if we would defend democracy. No country can win a democratic victory unless it is democratic.

The reasons why democracy is the best form of government are absurdly simple. It is the only form of government that can combine three characteristics: law, equality, and justice. A totalitarian state has none of these, and hence, if it is a state at all, it is the worst of all possible states.

Men have reason, but they do not always use it. They are swayed by emotions and desires that must be held in check. Law is an expression of their collective rationality, by which they hope to educate and control themselves. Law is law only if it is an ordinance of reason directed to the good of the community. It is not law if it is an expression of passion or designed for the benefit of pressure groups. We have a government of men and not of laws when the cause of legislative enactments is anything but reason, and its object anything but the common good.

The equality of all men in the political organization results inexorably

from the eminent dignity of every individual. Every man is an end; no man is a means. He cannot be exploited or slaughtered to serve the ends of others. Since human beings, to achieve their fullest humanity, require political organization and participation therein, other human beings cannot deny them those political rights which human nature inevitably carries with it.

These same considerations help us to understand that the state is not an end in itself, as the Nazis think, or a mere referee, as the Liberty Leaguers used to say. Political organization is a means to the good of the community. And the common good itself is a means to the happiness and well-being of the citizens. The common good is peace, order, and justice. Justice is the good of the community. What is the community? It is certainly something more than an aggregation of people living in the same area. A community implies that people are working together, and people cannot work together unless they have common principles and purposes. If half a crew of men are tearing down a house as the other half are building it, we do not say they are working together. If half a group of people are engaged in robbing, cheating, oppressing, and killing the other half, we should not say the group is a community. Common principles and purposes create a community; justice, by which we mean a fair allocation of functions, rewards, and punishments, in terms of the rights of man and the principles and purposes of the community, holds it together. Unless

purposes and common principles are clearly understood and deeply felt there can be no political community at all. There can be only a conglomeration of individuals wrestling with one another in the same geographical region.

What is needed if we are to understand clearly and feel deeply the principles on which democracy rests? What is the basis of these principles of law, equality, and justice? In the first place, in order to believe in these principles we must believe that there is such a thing as truth and that we can discover it. We are generally ready to concede that there is truth, at least of a provisional variety, in the natural sciences. But there can be no experimental verification of the proposition that law, equality, and justice are the essentials of a good state. If there is nothing true unless experiment makes it so, then what I have been saying is not true, for I have not relied on any experimental evidence. But principles which are not true are certainly not worth fighting for. We must then agree that truth worth fighting for can be found outside the laboratory.

Our great preoccupation today is freedom. When we talk about freedom we usually mean freedom from something. Freedom of the press is freedom from censorship. Academic freedom is freedom from presidents, trustees, and the public. Freedom of thought is freedom from thinking. Freedom of worship is freedom from religion. So, too, civil liberty, the world-wide disappearance of which we watch with anxious

eyes, is generally regarded as freedom from the state. This notion goes back to Rousseau. He located the natural man in a world of anarchy. The natural man had no political organization, and Rousseau strongly hinted that this was the most delightful aspect of his condition. The political state was a compromise, no less unfortunate because it was necessary. This view has been popular ever since. It is reflected every day in the attitude of those who look upon the activities of government as an evil. Though they admit that society must suffer certain necessary evils, they naturally have no wish to multiply them. Hence the attraction and power of the slogan: that government is best which governs least.

This notion of government and its role is based on a myth, on a misconception of the nature of man and the nature of the state. It is not surprising that a doctrine absurdly grounded and workable only in countries of vast and untapped resources should contain in itself the seeds of an opposing doctrine, the doctrine that the state is all, that men are nothing but members of it, and that they achieve their ultimate fulfillment, not through freedom from the state, but through complete surrender to it. This is fascism. It ascribes to the political organization qualities that can belong only to God. It denies the eminent dignity of the person. It deprives man of the characteristic that raises him above the beasts, his reason. It sacrifices all that is specifically human, that is, moral, intellectual, spiritual development; and glorifies a spe-

cifically subhuman attribute, force.

These are the consequences of thinking of freedom as freedom from something. Freedom is not an end in itself. We do not want to be free merely to be free. We want to be free for the sake of being or doing something that we cannot be or do unless we are free. We want to be free to obtain the things we want.

Now the things we want are good things. First, we want our private and individual good, our economic well-being. We want food, clothing, and shelter, and a chance for our children. Second, we want the common good: peace, order, and justice. But most of all we want a third order of good, our personal or human good. We want, that is, to achieve the limit of our moral, intellectual, and spiritual powers. This personal, human good is the highest of all the goods we seek. As the private good, which is our individual economic interest, is subordinate to the common good, which is the interest of the community, so the common good is subordinate to our personal and human good and must be ordered to it. Any state in which the common good is sacrificed to private interests, or in which the moral, intellectual, and spiritual good of the citizens is sacrificed to the political organization is not a state. It is a fraud subsisting by force.

Identification of freedom with lack of discipline is, in the somewhat lurid language of Mr. Butler of Columbia, the "rabbit theory" of education, according to which, he says, "any infant

is encouraged to roam about an enclosed field, nibbling here and there at whatever root of flower or weed may, for the moment, attract his attention or tempt his appetite." Mr. Butler adds, varying the figure slightly, "Those who call this type of school work progressive reveal themselves as afloat on a sea of inexperience without chart or compass or even rudder." Obviously we should not look to rudderless rabbits to lead us through the mazes of the modern world.

When we say we want free minds we mean that we want minds able to operate well. The glory and the weakness of the human mind is that it is not determinate to certain things. It may range at will over the good and the bad. To be free to operate well, therefore, the mind requires habits that fix it on the good. So St. Augustine remarked that virtue, or good habits, is the right use of our freedom. What is needed for free minds is discipline, which forms the habits which enable the mind to operate well. Nothing better can be said on this subject than the concise statement of John Dewey: "The discipline that is identical with trained power is also identical with *freedom*." The free mind is first of all the disciplined mind. The first step in education is to give the mind good habits.

The next step is the understanding of what is good. The mind cannot be free if it is a slave to what is bad. To determine the good and the order of goods is the prime object of all moral and political education. We cannot

hope that one who has never confronted these issues can be either a good citizen or a good man. Yet today it is perfectly possible to attain to the highest reaches of the university without ever facing these questions. An educational system which does not make these questions the center of its attention is not an educational system at all. It is a large-scale housing venture. It may be effective in keeping young people out of worse places until they can go to work. It cannot contribute to the growth of free minds. It cannot help the rising generation solve the great problem of our time.

The great problem of our time is moral, intellectual, and spiritual. With a superfluity of goods we are sinking into poverty. With a multitude of gadgets we are no happier than we were before. With a declining death rate we have yet to discover what to do with our lives. With a hatred of war we are now deeply engaged in the greatest war in history. With a love of liberty we see much of the world in chains.

How can these things be? They can be because we have directed our lives and our education to means instead of ends. We have been concerned with the transitory and superficial instead of the enduring and basic problems of life and of society.

Since the freedom of autonomy is the end of human life, everything else in life should be a means to it and should be subordinate to it as means must be to ends. This is true of material goods, which are means, and a

very necessary one, but not an end. It is true of the state, which is an indispensable means, but not an end. It is true of all human activities and all human desires: they are all ordered to, and must be judged by, the end of moral and intellectual development.

The political organization must be tested by its conformity to these ideals. Its basis is moral. Its end is the good for man. Only democracy has this basis and this end. If we do not believe in this basis or this end, we do not believe in democracy. These are the principles which we must defend if we defend democracy.

Are we prepared to defend these principles? Of course not. For 40 years and more our intellectual leaders have been telling us they are not true. In the whole realm of social thought there is nothing but opinion. Since there is nothing but opinion, everybody is entitled to his own opinion. There is no difference between good and bad; there is only the difference between expediency and inexpediency. We cannot even talk about good and bad states or good and bad men. There are no morals; there are only the folkways. Man is no different from the other animals; human societies are no different from animal societies. The aim of animals and animal societies, if there is an aim, is subsistence. The aim of human beings and human societies, if there is one, is material comfort. Freedom is simply doing what you please. The only common principle that we are urged to have is that there are no principles at all.

All this results in a colossal confusion of means and ends. Wealth and power become the ends of life. Men become merely means. Justice is the interest of the stronger. This splits the community in two. How can there be a community between exploited and exploiters, between those who work and do not own and those who own and do not work, between the weak and the strong? Moral, artistic, and spiritual development are not with us the aim of life; they receive the fag ends of our attention and our superfluous funds. We seldom attempt to justify education by its contribution to their growth.

If everything is a matter of opinion, and if everybody is entitled to his own opinion, force becomes the only way of settling differences of opinion. And of course if success is the test, right is on the side of the heavier battalions. In law school I learned that law was not concerned with reason or justice. Law was what the courts would do. Law, says Hitler, is what I do. There is little to choose between the doctrine I learned in an American law school and what Hitler proclaims.

Precisely here lies our unpreparedness. Such principles as we have are not different enough from Hitler's to make us very rugged in defending ours in preference to his. Moreover, we are not united and clear about such principles as we have.

To say that we are democrats is not enough. To say we are humanitarians will not do, for the basis of any real humanitarianism is a belief in the dig-

nity of man and the moral and spiritual values that follow from it. Democracy as a fighting faith can be only as strong as the convictions which support it. If these are gone, democracy becomes simply one of many ways of organizing society, and must be tested by its efficiency. To date, democracy looks less efficient than dictatorship. Why should we fight for it? We must have a better answer than that it is a form of government we are used to or one that we irrationally enjoy.

Democracy is the best form of government. We can realize it in this country if we will grasp the principles on which it rests and realize that unless we are devoted to them with our whole hearts democracy cannot prevail at home or abroad. In the great struggle that lies ahead, truth, justice, and freedom will conquer only if we know what they are and pay them the homage they deserve. This is the kind of preparedness most worth having, a kind without which all other preparation is worthless. It is our duty to our country to do our part to recapture and revitalize those principles which alone make life worth living or death on the field of battle worth facing.

How trivial now seem all the reasons for going to college, and hence for the existence of colleges, on which my generation was brought up: making friends, having a good time, getting plenty of fresh air and exercise, and advancing in the social or financial scale. I can even remember hearing from the president of a great university about the beneficent influence of

collegiate Gothic on the esthetic sensibilities of the young. These slogans may have sufficed in the carefree 20's. They will not do today.

The change in more fundamental matters is just as striking. The time of the founders of the University of Chicago (1892) was one of agreement upon the ultimate foundations of society and the ultimate purposes of the individual. Though men differed sharply, they differed about the methods of arriving at their destination. They would have been shocked to hear from any responsible person that morality was a matter of opinion, the state an end in itself, or God the product of wishful thinking. They did not heed the warning of Socrates that the unexamined life was no life for man, because the examination had been conducted long before, and its results were imbedded in a tradition which guided the daily actions of men. All that was needed, men thought, was more knowledge to enable them to reach the goals which they had more or less clearly before them.

The American university has surpassed the highest hopes of its founders. People still want material goods; and through the natural sciences we can now produce a range and luxuriance of such goods that would embarrass a Roman emperor. People still want health; and through the American university we may some time achieve a longevity comparable to that of the heroes who flourished before the Flood. Wherever we know what we want, wherever we want it badly

enough, the American university can help us get it.

But we still vaguely feel that there are other goods beyond bodily and external goods; and we are no longer in agreement on the nature and existence of the other goods beyond. The last half century has substituted confusion and bewilderment for the simple faith guiding the universities. The civilization which we thought so well established seems on the verge of dissolution. The religious belief which led so many denominations to found universities does not sustain their constituencies today. Instead of feeling that we were born with a common inheritance of ideas about the purpose of the state and the destiny of man, we listen to competing affirmations of contradictory positions on these issues without being able either to accept or deny them.

Since we are confused about ends, we do not know how to employ means. Though our means of improving the material conditions of existence exceed those of any previous generation, we could not use them in the great depression to protect our fellow citizens from starvation and despair. The means of improving the material conditions of existence are now diverted to the extermination of mankind on a greater scale than ever before.

Gibbon, in his celebrated chapter summarizing the reasons for the fall of the Western Empire, relieves the fears of Europe by saying that there will never be another barbarian conqueror. His reason is simple. War now

requires the knowledge of a large number of arts and sciences. Hence to excel in war the barbarian must cease to be barbarous. Since man first discovered how to master the forces of nature all history has been tending toward this goal. Gibbon's final remark is: "We may therefore acquiesce in the pleasing conclusion that every age of the world has increased and still increases the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge, and perhaps the virtue of the human race."

The conclusion is pleasing; the premise is false. Though knowledge has grown from more to more, happiness and virtue have not. And we see that a barbarian conqueror equipped with knowledge can be more barbarous, as well as more dangerous, than any of his unlettered predecessors.

We are in the midst of a great moral, intellectual, and spiritual crisis. To pass it successfully or to rebuild the world after it is over we shall have to get clear about the first principles of human life and of organized society.

An ancient sage remarked that the state came into being for the sake of life, for mutual assistance and protection. It made mere living possible. But it continued for the sake of the good life, to develop and perfect through common effort the noblest abilities of all the citizens. We see the analogy in education. Education must exist for the sake of mere life. Every citizen must be able to read, at least enough to see "Danger" on a sign or "Poison" on a bottle. Every citizen must be able to count, or his difficulties in paying

his fare may impede others. Every citizen must discover somehow that some diseases are contagious and that intimacy with a sufferer from smallpox is unwise. Every citizen must learn, in the educational system or out of it, whatever he has to learn in order to earn a living, so that he will not starve to death from sheer incompetence. These things are necessary for mere life. Even the modern dictator must see to it that his subjects acquire this kind of education. But as all modern dictators have shown, they cannot tolerate a university devoted to candid and intrepid thinking. The reason is that such a university is the symbol of the good life. A good life is a life directed to knowing the truth and doing justice. It is impossible without freedom of action and freedom of thought. Freedom, truth, and justice would be fatal to the totalitarian state. They are the aspirations of democracy.

Victory cannot save civilization. It can merely prevent its destruction by one spectacular method. Since civilization was well on its way to destruction before the war began, success in the war will not automatically preserve it. Domination of the world by England,

the U.S., and Russia is not identical with civilization. The victory of these powers gives mankind a better chance to be civilized than their defeat. Whether or not mankind will take that chance depends on the kind of intellectual, moral, and spiritual leadership it has.

Civilization is not a standard of living. It is not a way of life. Civilization is the deliberate pursuit of a common ideal. Education is the deliberate attempt to form human character in terms of an ideal. The chaos in education with which we are familiar is an infallible sign of the disintegration of civilization; for it shows that ideals are no longer commonly held, clearly understood, or deliberately pursued. To formulate, to clarify, to vitalize the ideals which should animate mankind —this is the incredibly heavy burden which rests, even in total war, upon the universities. If they cannot carry it, nobody else will; for nobody else can. If it cannot be carried, civilization cannot be saved. The task is stupendous. But we must remember the words of William the Silent: "It is not necessary to hope in order to undertake, or to succeed in order to persevere."



Cutting salad with a knife was taboo in early America for good reason. Few had silver; the ordinary knives were blackened by the vinegar, and the knives then blackened the lettuce. Even today some think using a knife is bad form.

The phrase *E Pluribus unum*, motto of the U.S. appearing on all our coins, was used originally by Virgil to mean a salad made up of many ingredients. *E pluribus unum* means "one out of many."

Your Victory Garden

By HARVEY BICKNELL

Condensed from *Better Homes and Gardens**

Tools and muscle = food

Look to the needs of U. S. fighting men all around the world, to the overburdened railroads that can no longer import your fresh fruit and vegetables whenever you need them. Listen to the truck gardeners who haven't the labor to handle their crops, to the official warning of how small your canned-fruit and vegetable ration must be. These things tell you whether to garden or not.

If you haven't a plot, can't find one, ask your local Victory Garden Committee for help. Find the right plot, prepare the soil, and you're off to the best vegetables you ever tasted.

Vegetables won't grow in shade, and you'll waste time trying to make them. Don't consider a plot that normally gets less than five hours of full sun a day. Vegetables won't grow their best if hemmed in with other plants so that there is no air circulation. Vegetables don't like excessive water. If your proposed plot has low pockets in it that hold a puddle of water after a rain, pass it up or drain it.

A site with city water or an inexhaustible spring or stream makes gardening de luxe—helps young plants, insures against spring drouths, extends the season for spring varieties. But except in areas where everything must be irrigated, millions of home gardens are successfully grown with the water na-

ture supplies, plus some hand watering in emergencies, and always in transplanting. Get your garden in as early as it is safe, to take advantage of spring rains in getting plants started.

Vegetables like a variety of soils, but for the most part light, loamy soils are most satisfactory. Such crops as tomatoes, peas, and beans more readily adapt themselves to heavy clay soils than do root or vine crops. For root crops like carrots and potatoes, you must find another plot or loosen tight soil by incorporating sand and humus (vegetable matter).

If you don't know your soil, dig a foot-wide, foot-deep hole every 10 to 15 feet and examine the edges of these holes. On top, in the grass and weed roots, the soil will shade from black to brown in a layer about one-half inch thick. If the next layer is black or chocolate brown but somewhat lighter than the top layer, this soil is desirable; the dark color indicates presence of organic matter. But a second yellow or blue, extremely solid layer shows you've reached poor subsoil. If your topsoil layer is four to eight inches thick or more before it tapers into the tight subsoil, it is good for vegetables. If not, hunt another plot.

Who's going to eat, you or the rabbits? When choosing your site, remember the more extensive the cultivated

area around your site, the less likelihood there is of destruction from rabbits, field mice or woodchucks. Cutting down all weeds in adjoining fields or lots will help. Frequent dusting with sulphur discourages rabbits. Corn, tomatoes, squash, pumpkins, and melons are seldom bothered and can be grown without protection. A fence 30 inches high, close-meshed at the bottom, will keep out rabbits. For chickens it must be six inches to a foot higher.

Your dog will be delighted with the ease of burying his bone in the lettuce bed. Teach him to stay out of the garden.

If you lack tools, they may be hard to come by, but there are some still on the market. You will need, first, a good spade, one with a smooth handle and made of high-quality steel. It will cost \$2 to \$3.

You'll need a metal rake. Get one that has the head joined to the handle with only one connection. A hoe is necessary, a cultivator almost so. (I like the little cultivator with one prong about three inches long. Its sharp point is excellent to lay out rows and to work weeds out from between tiny plants; its elliptical sides are excellent to destroy the weeds in open ground.) If you are going to grow more than just the quick crops you will need a sprayer or a duster. Don't consider less than a two-quart-sized duster. Get one with a nozzle which will shoot up on the under side of the leaves. A $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ -gallon sprayer is practical. A quart size is good only for a plot containing six peas, a tomato, and four potato vines.

If you have a plot 30 by 50 feet or larger, you'll find a garden push cultivator decidedly a time and labor saver. Perhaps you can share one with your neighbors. The sweep or knife-blade type is the best.

Before using any of your tools, old or new, go over the edges with a file or whetstone. Keep soil-working tools ground to a wide-angle edge, not a thin one which nicks easily. Sandpaper paint from new tools and rust from old ones so they "scour" readily—that is, so the earth doesn't stick. A good way to clean rusty tools is to soak them overnight in half-and-half kerosene and motor oil, then scour them with a rag soaked in the same solution and dipped into sand. Paint oil on tools after each use.

If your garden is large, say more than 50 by 50 feet, plow it—if you or your local Victory Garden Headquarters can find a plowman. Grass and weeds now should be turned under, as deeply as possible. At best they will be trying to grow back all through the first season. For areas 30 by 50 feet or less, spade instead of plow. In fact, areas much larger than this can be spaded, and if they are enclosed with a fence or hedge, plowing will cause damage that overbalances most of the time saved.

When spading, wait until the ground is dry enough to crumble when you turn over a spadeful of earth and drop it on the ground. If it clings stickily together, wait a few days. If spaded when too wet, it will tend to be cloddy for months.

You will want as much plant fiber in the soil as it is possible to get. Barnyard manure, fresh or otherwise, is desirable. Use up to half a ton, approximately a half yard, per 1,000 square feet. Failing to get manure, use plant tops such as chopped corn fodder, straw, or even weeds. Leaves are satisfactory, but they shouldn't be put into the soil in bunches. Scatter them very thinly. If the soil has a heavy crop of weeds on it at the time of turning over, they will have the same effect. This organic matter keeps the soil loose and holds moisture.

If you have a heavy clay soil and no source of organic matter, you can loosen it up somewhat by adding sand or wood ashes. Spread a load of sharp brick sand over 30 by 50 feet. In already sandy soils, plant fiber, such as leafmold, fodder, manure, peatmoss, is more necessary to hold the moisture.

After the ground has been spaded and is still rough, apply plant food. This puts it down in the soil but not too deep for the plants to reach. The fodder, straw, weeds, leafmold, or peatmoss you applied is a soil conditioner. It opens the soil up, increases moisture-holding capacity. But you still need plant food. This year, because of war needs for nitrogen, the only nitrogen-containing plant food available to you is a special 3-8-7 "Victory garden fertilizer. For food production only." Apply four pounds to 100 square feet. If you have used manure (which supplies some nitrogen) for plant fiber, you can use four pounds per 100 square feet of 0-12-12—low in nitrogen

(first figure), high in phosphorus (second figure), and medium to high in potash (third figure).

In a heavy clay soil lime helps mellow the soil. Apply five pounds per 100 square feet. Don't apply lime to a sandy soil unless a test with your own test kit or by your agricultural agent shows it acid or lime deficient. Spread all materials evenly, without lumps. Don't drop plant-food bags on your lawn; enough food may sift out to burn the grass.

With rake and shovel, go over the plot, leveling up the uneven spots and filling holes. After it is level, rake it until there is a fine layer of soil all over. Coarse lumps have no place here. Seeds start more readily and evenly if firmed into damp, fine soil. As you rake up rocks, roots, and rubbish, throw them into a basket or wheelbarrow for removal so you won't have to handle them again. You may find it helpful to drag a board or mat over the ground to crush the clods. A little extra time spent now will be repaid by labor saved during the summer. A good seedbed is fairly firm underneath, with two inches of fine, loose soil on top.

You are now ready to stretch string across the plot to mark the rows as you need them. Binder twine is good. If you can, leave it in place until the plants are large enough to be distinguished from weeds. Then you can, without risk, cut out weeds that appear before the vegetables. An old farmers' axiom is that "the best time to control weeds is before they come up." This

means cultivation just as the weeds are appearing. A little stirring will control them at this time, but if they are allowed to come up and form roots and tops, and the ground hardens, they are hard to uproot and will grow again. If weeds come up from pieces of old roots, they are much easier to get out, roots and all, while the soil is loose.

There is a tendency on the part of many amateur gardeners to believe that once their garden has been planted, they can sit back and let nature do the rest. This is a mistake that will bring disillusionment in its wake. First of all, if the seedlings come up too thick, as they most likely will, they must be thinned out in accordance

with the instructions on the seed packets. Then, despite your early assault on the weeds, they will reform their divisions to give you battle throughout the growing season and must be overwhelmed continually, lest they choke your precious vegetables by depriving them of sun and air and moisture. Even if there weren't a weed in your patch, you would still have to cultivate: by keeping a fine dust mulch on the top of the soil you will prevent loss of moisture. Your garden will give you blisters and backaches, but if you regard each ache and pain as the thrust of a nazi or Japanese bayonet you will be happy in the assurance that you are participating directly in the drive toward victory and peace.



Lost and Found

An Australian flier, in the U. S. not long ago, called on a girl who gave him a letter to mail for her. He mistook a fire alarm for a mailbox, and in the excitement that followed he forgot to mail her letter, carried it all the way home to Australia, and mailed it from there. It was a letter to one of her boy friends in the U. S. Army, and he is also in Australia now. Imagine his confusion. He thinks she's in Australia, too.

Alexandra Kropotkin in *Liberty* (6 Feb. '43).



You can't say "no" to a sailor. A service man for a firm making marine equipment received an emergency call at night. It was from a captain whose ship was docked near by. After a quick inspection of the work to be done, the service man said, "You'll have to postpone sailing. I can't fix that before dawn."

"You will fix it," said the skipper, giving him the gimlet eye, "and we will sail."

The service man's wife and firm hope to hear from him in a month or so, perhaps a post card from Africa or Australia.

Matt Weinstock in the *Los Angeles Daily News* (23 Jan. '43).

A Little Murder for the Fun of It

Hangman fails to report

Condensed from the Chicago *Daily Tribune**

Something more disquieting to the liberal mind than the reverses at Khar-kov has happened in Russia. The *New Republic* [March 15, 1943] reports it with the following comment:

"The news of the execution by the Soviet Union of the Polish-Jewish labor leaders, Henrich Erlich and Victor Alter, brings into sharp focus one of the great paradoxes of this war. We say that we are fighting for four freedoms: freedom of speech and religion, freedom from fear and want. Yet one of our most powerful allies in this war, and the ally which has certainly inflicted the greatest amount of punishment on one of our enemies, is a nation which frankly denies freedom of speech and freedom from fear and pays only grudging service to freedom of religion. That ally is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

"American liberals have too long closed their eyes to these facts and the implications of them. It is time that we learned to know our ally, to recognize the consequences of his bad qualities as well as those of his good, and not allow our admiration for his fighting abilities to blind us to the problems his participation in the war creates. The announcement of the deaths of Erlich and Alter should take the scales from our eyes."

Erlich and Alter were Polish socialists. Erlich was a leader in the mod-

erate party of the Russian revolution. On Lenin's seizure of power he went to Poland. Alter was arrested by the bolshevists, but escaped also to Poland. Both men organized Polish workers against fascism and naziism. Escaping from the Germans when Hitler attacked Poland they were captured by the invading Russians, but were released at the request of the Polish government in exile.

Again at liberty, they organized Poles in Russia to fight Hitler. They were arrested again. Then developed one of the peculiar atrocities of the Soviet system. Their cause was taken up in the U.S.; remonstrances were made; William Green of the AFL and Philip Murray of the CIO joined on behalf of organized labor; the new liberal, Mr. Willkie, according to the *New Republic*, took the matter up in the Kremlin when he thought he was coordinating war efforts for Mr. Roosevelt.

Jolly Max Litvinov, the Russian ambassador, cleared up the affair. In a letter to Mr. Green he closed the case. It seems that the men were executed in December, 1941, for "subversive activity and espionage." That's all. No court records are available. They had been dead all the time.

For 15 months Joseph Stalin had nursed the farce. It was funny. The men had been executed and it was

amusing to allow their friends to intercede for them and carry the comedy along. Mr. Willkie noted the genial humor of his host, who at the time may have been wondering how his guest would look in a pine box. There is a refinement of pleasantry in this mortuary joke. In all Stalin's practice of the art of murder there probably has been no other incident so whimsical.

Americans are allied by the emergency and irony of war, by the inclination of their chief executive, and to the delight of the American Stalinites and collectivists, with a country which does not recognize the elementals of civilization as we understand and demand them. No further evidence is required than the fouling of courts of justice. It is a degradation of government.

The affair of Erlich and Alter reveals that there has been no change in the political morality of the Soviet dictatorship. It recognized in the persons

of these two Polish patriots a slight deviation of idea from the Kremlin dogma. They had been proscribed 25 years before. Returned to communist hands by the fortunes of war, they were put to death—a token of good will from one ally to another. Another suggestion is that they were killed because they were Polish patriots fighting for the restoration of their own country.

"The deaths of Erlich and Alter should take the scales from our eyes." There never should have been any scales there. Stalin did not come galloping into this war to save humanity. He came in because Hitler double-crossed him before he could double-cross Hitler. There are some very brave and devoted men and women defending their land in Russia and unintentionally doing great service in a war which nevertheless for them is one between the world's two most infamous scoundrels.



Too Much, Too Soon

A hen hatches her chickens in 21 days. The scientist, realizing that this is done by the application of heat, has devised an artificial way of doing it. The fake scientist figures that if it can be done in 21 days with a certain amount of heat, therefore it can be done in a shorter time by applying more heat. He thus turns on the added heat but he kills the chickens. This is exactly what the dictators do. They are so efficient that they are actually inefficient. In the hatching of their totalitarian schemes they kill the social chicken.

Daniel MacCormack in a Trans-Canada Catholic Hour address (7 March '43).

The Larger Issue

Turn in your liberty for security?

A third of a century ago, at a Catholic congress in Manchester in 1909, Mr. Belloc closed a paper on *The Church and Socialism* with these wise words:

"A society in which the Church shall conquer will be a society in which a proletariat shall be as unthinkable as it was in the Middle Ages. Such a society would, under modern conditions of production, end as a society of highly divided properties bound together by free cooperative organizations. On the other hand, a society in which one socialist experiment after another takes its place in the scheme of laws will not end as an ideal collectivist society. It is far more likely to end as a state in which a very small class of free owners shall control a very large servile class into which the mass of citizens shall have sunk.

"This is the peril which I believe to lie before society, and especially before the non-Catholic societies of Northern and industrial Europe. Every step towards the artificial regulation of contract brings us nearer some such final solution; and a solution it will be, though I dread it. A society once established upon those lines would have forgotten how to rebel; the security and efficiency of the servile class would be the price of their servility, and the sense of freedom, with its incalculable consequences on human character, will, for the bulk of our descendants,

Condensed from the London *Tablet**

have disappeared. It is a peril inconceivable to either party in the great modern quarrel, but it is close at hand. The only alternative I can see to that peril is, even in the temporal and economic sphere, the action and effect of the Catholic Church upon citizenship."

We shall do well to recall this intuitive and penetrating vision from the reign of Edward VII, at the moment when the idea is beginning to creep into circulation that perhaps the Essential Works Order will be continued into the peace, to secure employment and the future of exports. Under that order a man cannot be dismissed; but he cannot leave his job. This is a more critical and vital issue than the questions, like the extension of social insurance, which figure more prominently at the moment; but the same reasoning will be invoked—that a man must make the sacrifice of his freedom in disposing of his time and his energies or his earnings, in return for greater economic security for himself and his fellows.

Many who accept that argument have no conscious intention of diminishing human liberty. At times their language does indeed become all too reminiscent of the language of Virginia planters in answer to New England abolitionists, arguing that they gave a complete security from birth to death, and met all contingencies of

* 12 Queen Victoria St., Reading, England. Feb. 13, 1943.

sickness, asking in return only service and work, while a Negro was able. That was the patriarchal defense, as it is the defense of all forms of paternalism that they offer security, and their weakness that they offer it at the price of liberty.

Ever since that congress in 1909, the main line of Catholic thinking on social issues has had this sense, that the Catholic minority has a particularly valuable function to fill, by virtue of the element of timelessness and objectivity in Catholicism, which makes it always a critic of the fashions of thought and feeling of any particular hour. But the collectivist tide runs strongly. Its pace can be measured by comparing over 50 years the changing programs of the political parties, watching the transformation of Liberals from individualists into enthusiasts for state action, the growing Conservative insistence that the valuable part of conservative tradition is one of effective public responsibility, the uncritical Labor enthusiasm for doing as much as possible through and by the state. Politicians are good barometers, since they live by representing attitudes of mind which they find already strongly present. They have been the more ready to embrace the idea of continually extending public authority over all aspects of life because such extension magnifies their calling.

It is clear that this extension is not imposed from below; it is accepted, because the tradition of the poor is to accept and to bear. It is impossible to be impressed by the argument some-

times advanced that state interference will always be kept within due bounds through the character of the people. That argument is now being advanced in an answer to the criticism that there are very obvious dangers in the project of a ministry of social security, subjecting to an official too much of the life of the private citizen. When it is said that the advice of that ministry will soon amount in practice to an order, the answer is made that the strong and independent character of the people will make them insist on their rights. But this argument is offered by the very persons who in this same connection depict the artisan population as being continually worsted and exploited by private insurance companies, through failing to understand their policies, to read the small print, or to know or fight for their due. It is all too plain that ordinary people are lost among official regulations; afraid of getting in wrong with authority, they do what they are told.

Catholics know that the wealth of the world is increasing rapidly, and that it should become easier for men to enjoy the highest measure of personal freedom, and for voluntary associations to effect social cooperation. They know we are passing through a transitional time in which the strong socialist philosophy, formulated in the last century in reaction to capitalism, is reaping the harvest of the propaganda of 50 years just as the justification for its desperate remedies grows less. If the world were growing poorer there would be a case, unanswerable

in wartime, for the state intervening to see that diminishing rations were fairly apportioned. But what is happening is just the opposite; the human income and the standard of living is rising, and we are becoming ever better able to afford the advantages of a free system embodied in varieties of association.

The Church has always cherished the principle of the division of powers; just as ships are built with watertight doors, so that a hole in one part does not flood the entire vessel. Ill-informed people may describe the Church as a highly centralized elective monarchy, but the division and definition of powers is the ecclesiastical process which long experience has confirmed. The irremovable parish priest, the frontiers separating dioceses making each an independent center, often fret those who find them barriers to their quick ambitions for nation-wide schemes. The system is indeed no planners' paradise, but it has a weight of experience behind it. The inherent imperialistic tendency of all power to extend itself is so ingrained in human nature that where power is conferred it needs to be delimited by definition, which at once protects it in its own field and keeps it there. If there is one important social principle which both theory and practice of the Church teach and illustrate, it is that diversity with less efficiency is preferred to unification with more efficiency, because the first arrangement makes for liberty and the second for tyranny. Liberty is freedom from fear, the fear of some-

one's ill opinion. It is a great good, not lightly to be bartered away. The principle of diversity, of a plurality of authorities each limited in scope, is now unfashionable.

The price mankind is paying for abandoning the Christian revelation which was its main interest through its most spiritually fruitful centuries, and concentrating instead on the earth and material organization, is slowly unfolding itself as a far higher price than was ever imagined. By including himself among the objects on his microscope slides, man has classified himself among natural things, saying to himself, "Friend, go down lower"; and he has degraded or marked himself down as the wildest variant of Christian theology never did.

Planning needs the Catholic corrective for its temporal snobbery, for its desire for the current, rather than for what is timelessly right. The modern form of telling a man he is a Nazarene is not geographical; it is chronological. He is not told his views are wrong because he comes from a despised locality, but because he belongs to the past, which is now the despised locality. But the truth is that because he has not surrendered to the present, his continuity and fidelity are more determinant of the future than the fluidity of his critics. That, we believe, is the great role of Catholics in Britain in the present phase of socialization. They will be, in modern military metaphor, a hedgehog, or strong point. It is theirs to hold fast and reassert truths like the primacy of the family as a true society,

independent sovereignty, the objective reality and authority of revealed truth, which modern collectivist societies are most ready to deny.

The mass of modern men live under an illusion, and do not know how strange and rare a thing the idea of human freedom is. They do not know that servitude is the normal condition of man in pagan societies from antiquity—a condition from which men of the European tradition were for a time lifted in the unique experiment of a society molded and elevated by

Christian revelation, and into which they are quickly relapsing in the post-Christian era. We see this clearly enough in the new pagan orders, in the countries where the state is all in all, and both church and state in one. We have fortunately in England the strong foundations of the Christian tradition, which flourished here with a quite exceptional vigor and long survived the spread of disbelief; but we shall be wise to see how strong the same tendencies in ideas are becoming nearer home.



Fight First: Marry Later

By FRANK GARTLAND, C.S.C.

Condensed from the booklet*

Dear Bill: You ask me: "What do you think, Father? Do you think it would be O.K. for Marge and me to get married when I'm North for my next furlough? That probably will be the last furlough before I'm shipped off."

This is really the important question of the day, Bill. And it's not easy to answer. It cannot be answered for all with a simple "Yes" or a curt "No." Since you're asking for my opinion in the matter, I'll give it to you, but with a proviso. This is my counsel for you and Marge and for other young men and women in the same circumstances.

It is not a "no exception" answer for everybody.

Above all it is not a criticism of the many splendid men in the service and their girls who have already been married. God bless them. That's their business. It is their life to live. I certainly do not imply by what I shall say for you and Marge that these other fellows and girls are headed for marital shipwreck.

First, to give a direct answer to your direct question: Yes, it's O.K. for you and Marge to get married. There's nothing wrong in it. It's O.K. from the viewpoint of theology and canon law

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and the nation's law. At least on paper. At least by principles.

But while it's O.K., I'm not convinced by any means that it's the wiser course. I'd say, "Wait."

You both know what life's all about—not just life in this world (as people in general look at it) but the Christian life: specifically, married life as planned and sanctified by our Lord. Marriage is like this: It's the life of "two in one flesh," sacred and intimate life, with social as well as individual meaning. It's the life of "two in one flesh" to support and love one another forever—"until death do us part." It's life together for the love of God! It's the life of "two in one flesh" to bring into this world, and ultimately into heaven, a blessed child or two, or five or ten, according as God (working with you) and you (working with God) see fit to decide.

In other words, Bill, it's no snap. It's no snap especially for Marge. It's something.

Granted this inevitable, necessary, and prolonged separation, and the great purposes of the sacrament (to support one another and to bring up children by living together), I don't advise marriage now. For, how, during war, can you realize to any satisfactory degree real marriage—the holy, supernatural union of two children of God?

It's all right for the girl to say, "Well, even if he never comes back, I shall have known him; and I shall have him, besides, in my child." That sounds like life.

But here is real life: she will not have him. She will have his child, without him to support it. And she may have, moreover, a very long, long life—alone; without her man. Finally, she will no longer be a first choice among the eligibles in the marriage mart.

Let me show you concretely, Bill, what has quite naturally and virtuously run through the mind of another exemplary couple like yourself and Marge. An excerpt from Jimmie's letter will show you, all the more, why I feel as I do:

"My fiancée, a wonderful Catholic girl, and I are planning on marriage in September, if I can get away from maneuvers.

"We met in college two years ago and have been going together ever since. Therefore we have had time to talk intelligently of Catholic practices.

"The one thing that has us stymied now is birth control. Of course, both of us are absolutely against it. While it would be a help in our case, we realize it is race suicide and can be condoned neither by the Catholic Church nor by right-thinking people.

"Yet our problem is this. We want to be married. We think we could be much happier if we were married, even if we were separated. Then, she is thinking of coming down here after maneuvers to live.

"Both of us love children and want just as many as the Lord will give us. Still, we don't want children until we can be together all the time, so that I can grow up with my children, and

they can know their father's love."

Well, there is more we could say on the general problem, but we had better save it for later—perhaps for that furlough you speak of as coming soon. The reason I dare not lay down for everybody the advice I give you and Marge is simply this: there are many factors which vary with each particular case, like length of courtship, age, *de facto* ability to refrain from sin, economic circumstances, family connections, and so on. I do hope that you will see the worth of my counsel to hold off; and of course, as always, Bill, I promise you and Marge a daily remembrance at Mass. God bless and keep you both. Sincerely yours in our Lord, Father Gartland.

P. S. I almost forgot, Bill: Lieutenant Dollard, public relations officer for the Naval School at Notre Dame, recently published in the *Scholastic* a very sound piece of advice against wartime marriage. By coincidence, he writes it also as a letter to another Bill (his son), and here it is:

"Dear Bill: I'm glad you still want to tell me things, and only hope my words will help you. You see, I was in the same boat back in '17, and the problem hasn't changed much since.

"About Mary. She's a grand girl, Bill, and you know how much we at

home think of her. You could marry her after training and perhaps that's the romantic thing to do. But look at the other side. If you're sure she's the best girl for you, she'll wait for you no matter how long you're away. Materially speaking, you can't afford to keep a home in your absence, and when you come back you'll have to go through the same tough adjustment period I did in '19.

"A fellow has got to remember, too, that some of the men who go aren't coming back. I know you're not afraid, and will go when your 'number comes up' as you say. But that won't help Mary. It will only make it more difficult. She has a life to live, too, and you owe it to her to see that she gets a full share of the happiness she has proved she deserves.

"I waited and certainly have nothing to regret from it. In fact, we fellows used to say it takes a lot more courage to go with no strings attached. You'll have a pride, a confidence, and a faith in each other that will make your marriage after the war an even more cherished thing to remember.

"The girl I got, waited, as I say, and I think you'll have to admit she is a peach. Like Mary, she's the kind of girl worth fighting for. She asked me to send you her best. As ever, Dad."



For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there are a hundred who make a man out of a fool.

Quoted in the *Missionary* (Nov. '42).

The Blue of Our Lady

Found also in Kentucky

By SISTER JULIE, O.P.

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

The turquoise waters of Lake Leman almost reconciled me to being a Prisoner of Chillon. (I was in no danger, and heroism is always debonair in theory.) The sun's rays piercing the narrow lancet window of the dungeon were bright diagonal bands on the stone floor, but when I looked upon the waters bathed in such tenderness and beauty I was in no dungeon.

I had before this noted the accuracy of Byron's "deep and dark blue ocean," and am persuaded that the Aegean is at times "wine-dark," but the blue of Leman was a sword of the spirit—opening windows of the soul.

Later, I saw the Bay of Naples; and then the Blue Grotto, whose intensity of blue places it among the rarities of art rather than of nature, even though it is a natural phenomenon: a rocky chamber, with one entrance only, and that perilous, from the sea. Alfred Noyes set in this unusual place one of the scenes of his challenging story of the last man left on earth after a world cataclysm. His description is exactly the impression left in my mind by a nostalgia of disappointment:

"They were floating in the jeweled twilight of that marvelous cavern or sea temple, the Grotta Azzura. The greater part of the arch through which they had entered lay under the water. It was through this gate of sea water that the

light could enter, and with all the magic of the sea behind it, diffuse itself in that amazing opalescent blue through the clear depths within, dyeing the rocks where the ripples washed them, as though they had been washed with blue and silver, and tingeing even the upper air of the great cavern with the luminosity of a dark sapphire. It was this light from beneath the water that gave the unearthly beauty to the scene, and transposed the natural order of things so that you saw the dark fish moving over the blue and silver sand in the depths more clearly than you could see your neighbor's face in the upper air."

The Blue Grotto, you see, is the wondrous integration of light, shadow, and blue water; the blue waters of the Bay of Naples and of the Mediterranean. And whence is the blueness of waters? It is the blue of the sky, in all its variety of moods, clear blue gleaming softly through a diaphanous waft of cloud: smoky blue, steel blue, turquoise, sapphire and lapis lazuli.

And whence is the blueness of sky? It must be the pure and gracious gift of the Creator who saw that blue is the most poignant symbol of tenderness, and of that He would continually remind us. So He used it for the roof of our house of earth, that it might be caught in myriad reflections of waters;

*Notre Dame, Ind. March 13, 1943.

and where there is no water, He scattered His tendernesses in forget-me-nots, bluebells, and larkspur, in carillons of mertensia and in many pointed cerulean blue chicory, and in the blue jewels of berries and grapes; and, lest there be any place without these mementoes, He sent the bluebird wandering through the air, the "sea bluebird of March," unmistakable herald of spring.

One of the most famous paintings which exemplify the charm of blue is Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, said to be one of the half dozen most popular pictures, for which the Huntington gallery paid \$750,000. A portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall, this is one of the most famous pictures of boyhood; and that is strange, for Master Buttall is elegant rather than boyish, and no real boy would want to be caught in that outlandish Van Dyke suit of sky-blue satin. The charm of the picture is the charm of blue, most spiritual of colors. The legend is that Gainsborough painted the *Blue Boy* to demonstrate the falsity of a statement of his contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds, that blue, being a cold color, could not be used for the central tone. But Reynolds made this statement after the painting of the *Blue Boy*. In the excitement of theorizing, he must have forgotten that Gainsborough's portrait was an overpowering contradiction to the theory.

There comes to mind also the loveliness of Della Robbia ware: the pale blue and white pottery, "like pieces of the milky sky itself," as Walter Pater

said; and the wondrous frieze of blue and white *bambinos* on the loggia of the Florentine foundling hospital (so beautifully named Spedali degli Innocenti). Perhaps none of the Della Robbia productions are more appealing than these exquisite medallions, each with a *bambino* in relief against pale blue, the work of Andrea of the Della Robbias. I have always felt that it was the Della Robbia use of blue that gave permanence to the work of Luca, Florentine sculptor of the 15th century, inventor of the process of enameled sculpture.

Artists of every age have painted our Lady in blue; and it is here, perhaps, that the extraordinary power of blue is seen in its most intense and compelling aspect. From Giotto to El Greco, they have represented her in various aspects, as child, maiden, young mother and queen, and in a variety of colors, but most often in a mantle of blue. Thus she appears in the masterpiece of Madonnas, the great Sistine, and in countless others varying greatly in conception and treatment. There is Titian's little Mary on the occasion of her presentation in the Temple. The small girl dressed in a Venetian gown of innocent blue ascends the steps of the Temple with grace and modesty, debonair and brave. "She is so circumspect and right."

There is the *Virgin in Adoration* of Filippino Lippi, most striking for the clear blue of the mantle enveloping her, the central figure, kneeling in a pleasant landscape and gazing at the Child who is lying on the grass amid

the tenderness of little flowers. There is the young *Vierge Doloreuse* of El Greco (in the Strassburg Museum) with its delicate girlish face, anxious to conceal rather than to express sorrow, whose olive pallor is accentuated by a transparent blue veil worn over a softening white wimple.

The association of the color blue with the blessed Virgin probably rests on a tradition in art, perhaps strengthened by the lovely title she enjoys—one of her loveliest—*Stella Maris*, Star of the Sea.

In early writings, there is no evidence as to what she wore when she lived on this earth in Nazareth of Galilee. The Venerable Anna Catherine Emmerich, who saw in a series of visions all the events recorded in the New Testament (visions similar to those which have recently been experienced by Teresa Neumann in Germany), describes in great detail the garments worn by the blessed Virgin; but the Church has not pronounced on the mystic experiences of this German Augustinian of the 19th century; and therefore we can attach no special importance to the fact that the wedding garment of the blessed Virgin as Catherine described it consisted of a blue gown embroidered with large red, white and yellow roses and green leaves, with a kind of scapular of white and gold-flowered silk and a long sky-blue mantle. No one can say how much the human imagination has contributed to such visions.

Nor does the fact that blue is a liturgical color in Spain give ecclesiastical

sanction to the art tradition associating blue with the blessed Virgin. It is only since 1884 that Spain and Peru have enjoyed the privilege of using blue vestments on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and during the octave.

In the stories of her apparitions on this earth, in comparatively recent years, it is interesting to note that she most frequently wears blue. To the simple little shepherdess, Bernadette of Lourdes, who was 15 at the time she saw the beautiful Lady standing on the rock of Massabielle near the river Gave, she wore a white robe and a blue sash; a simple garb, corresponding to Bernadette's ideas of beauty.

The little peasants who saw the vision of La Salette, Sept. 19, 1846, were attracted first by a brilliant light. This vision, more spectacular than that of Lourdes, occurred in a place of natural grandeur, high on a rocky mountainside. There is no mention of blue in the description of the two children, a girl of 15 and a boy of 11, whose stories corroborated one another even when they were questioned separately; yet there is a detail of special interest to us. The Lady's garments were made of light, they insisted.

It was not only to French shepherds and shepherdesses that the blessed Virgin showed the graciousness of her presence, deigning to choose them as her special messengers. She has visited nearer home. The story of Our Lady of Guadalupe is one of the most touching of all her appearances on this earth. We may well envy the simplicity and innocence of the French children

which made them ready to receive her visitations. But the Virgin of Guadalupe did not show herself in her lovely blue mantle sprinkled with stars to a little Mexican child, but to a most unlikely person. He was at the unromantic and unimaginative age of 55 when he saw his heavenly Mother standing resplendent on the mountain-side, as he was going to Mass from his home in the village over the hill of Tepeyac. She spoke first, having won his attention with lovely music like the singing of birds. "Juanito," she called, and he replied, "My Lady and my child." It has been explained that this form of address was customary in Mexico from an inferior speaking to a person of rank; but I prefer to think that Juan, recognizing this beautiful maiden, used "My child" in pure endearment.

In 1937, on the occasion of the crowning of an image, the Virgin of Guadalupe was called by a title that has great significance for all of us, "Queen of all the Americas," and the title was approved by Pope Pius XI.

Juan Diego called her "My child" without any thought of her dignity as Queen of all the Americas. In Juan's vision, there is the richness of coloring which suits his country and his culture. He saw a lovely maiden of 15,

resplendent, with golden rays of light behind her and radiating from her; her robe was rose-colored and strewed with flower patterns; the turquoise blue of her mantle was sprinkled with stars. She appeared on this continent of ours in a manner suited to the perceptions of her favored son, Juan Diego, but also in a manner significant for all the Americas, and especially for the U. S.; for the crescent moon was at her feet, and she was clothed with the sun. Sun, moon, and stars are the companions of the great Apocalyptic vision associated with the Immaculate Conception, and it is to the blessed Virgin, under that magnificent title, that this country was dedicated in 1846. "My Lady and my child," said Juan Diego, unaware of the symbolism of her great prerogative. We, her children of another century, recognize our patroness and with him are grateful. Her blue mantle strewn with stars draws our hearts to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and we hail her "Queen of all the Americas."

About 100 years ago in Kentucky a European visitor, admiring a meadow of lush grass in its blossoming period, suddenly saw it stirred by a gentle wind, so that its delicate purplish-blue flowering was revealed in all its strange loveliness. "Why, it's *blue* grass!" he said.



A gossip is one who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself; and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

Catholic Fireside (Aug. '42).

Kid Guide

Just ring the doorbell

By HENRY SIMONEAUX, O.M.I.

Condensed from *Mary Immaculate**

"So you are from New Orleans," he said; and his manner of arranging himself so comfortably in the big chair, the big black cigar he had taken out of his pocket, his slow speech—all told me he was a man who liked to talk.

"Yes," I answered slowly, "spent the best years of my life there, some of them at least."

"Quaint old New Orleans; quite an interesting city, isn't it?"

"Very interesting," I assured him, all in my own good time. "The Jewel of the South, so the tourist guides will tell you. It is one place where the old and the new world shake hands."

"Tourist guides; hm . . . have you ever visited the famous old St. Louis cathedral there in New Orleans?"

"I know it well," I answered.

"You do! Well! I read recently in the paper that the cathedral is going to celebrate its 150th anniversary this April."

"That's right."

He became silent for a few minutes, and then once he had begun to speak, I could tell he had a story to tell, interesting enough to demand no explanation nor interruption:

Ten years ago; yes, it must be all of ten years ago, I visited New Orleans myself. Met quite an interesting character there. I shall never forget him. I had strolled from that spacious, busy

street, Canal I think you call it, and found myself in your famous Vieux Carre, on the old Rue de Chartres. The old buildings, mostly French in style, but with evidences of Spanish influence, especially in the wrought-iron grillwork around most of the balconies, had entranced me. After some minutes I found myself standing before a large church, looking up its façade, measuring its height with my eye, following the three large steeples as they pointed upward.

"Big, isn't it, Mister?" a young voice interrupted my reveries. I looked around to see a small lad of 11 or 12 years; his blue eyes looking at me; his disheveled hair showing the effects of a somewhat sincere, but more or less unsuccessful, attempt at combing; his neat little tie a bit crooked.

"Sure is big, sonny," I smiled back in response to his surprising query. "What's the name?"

"Oh, this is the famous old St. Louis cathedral, Mister, the second oldest cathedral in the U. S., built here on the same spot where Pierre Lemoyne de Bienville drew, in the dust, with the point of his sword, the plans for the first Catholic church of the young city he had just founded."

"Quite a lad, this," thought I. "And what are those two immense buildings on each side of the park?"

**De Mazenod Scholasticate, Blanco Road, San Antonio, Texas. April, 1943.*

"That's no park; not exactly anyway. It's Jackson Square, the Place des Armes, they call it. That's Jackson on the iron horse out there. After he had won the Battle of New Orleans, he marched as many of his troops as he could into the cathedral to thank the Lord for the victory. Those buildings you asked about are the Pontalba Apartments; people around here say that they were the first apartment buildings in the whole U. S. They were built by the Baroness de Pontalba, the daughter of the man who paid for the erection of this cathedral. The famous Jenny Lind sang from those balconies for the people of New Orleans."

"Say, you've got ideas, son; you must read books; go on, talk ahead. I'm all ears."

He was a bit astonished at my enthusiasm.

"Well, you see, Mister, I show visitors around the cathedral, so if you want to come around with me, I can tell you about the different things. It is very interesting."

"Certainly. But I'm not a . . . er . . . that is, I don't belong. What I mean is, I'm not a Catholic," I put in. This lad made me stammer over something I had always felt rather proud of, but at that moment I sort of wished I were a Catholic.

A very sympathetic "Oh" escaped his lips. "That's all right, Mister. But you will have to remove your hat, and we must speak in a whisper, as the Blessed Sacrament is kept in the tabernacle over on the blessed Virgin's altar."

"The Blessed Sacrament? The blessed Virg . . ." I started to say something, but thought better. I followed him. Once inside the church, he was a changed lad; all business. I could tell that he had done this very many times.

"This is the historical old St. Louis cathedral," he began in a sort of phonographic voice; "it is the second oldest cathedral in the U. S., being 140 years old. Before this cathedral was built in 1793, there had been two other churches on the same spot; one, a small chapel built by Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, in 1718; the other built in 1723. The first was destroyed by fire, the second, by hurricane." Maybe it was vice versa; I don't exactly remember. He delivered this in a half whisper, all in one breath. I was trying to pay close attention to what he was saying, and at the same time found myself marveling at his breath control.

"The cathedral was built through the donation of a rich Catholic, a Spaniard, who is buried right here." How dramatic! He had it timed perfectly, just at the moment when he finished his little speech. We had arrived at the front of the church, and his hand swung out theatrically to indicate the grave of Don Alexander de Almonaster y Roxas, or something like that. There is a large marble slab on the floor with a long epitaph in Spanish. My little guide stood over it, and recited it in a whisper. I was watching him and was not too interested in Don Alexander Almonaster y Roxas.

The next few minutes were packed chock-full. He pointed out the statue

of St. Roch, the painting of the Sacred Heart appearing to St. Margaret Mary when our Lord made those famous promises. He led me before the main altar, and explained that the three statues above the altar were hand-carved out of wood, "representing the three theo . . . the three tol . . . er, er, the three big virtues." He had tripped in his attempt to say "theological virtues" but made a nice recovery. He pointed out the marble slabs on the walls on either side of the sanctuary, with the names of the former bishops and archbishops of New Orleans, who, he said, were all buried under the floor of the sanctuary, right in front of us. He really knew his history. Next he showed me the large life-size crucifix. I was all attention.

"Christ, as you know, died for all of us," he said. And it seems to me that he looked right through me. I don't think I would have been surprised if he had added, "And for you, too, Mister." But he didn't. He whirled around, faced the blessed Virgin's altar, and made a genuflection, "cause," he explained afterward, "the Blessed Sacrament is kept there; the red light near the altar burns night and day, so that the people may know that our Lord is present and waiting for them." He had been so very sincere while making the genuflection that, without noticing it, I had followed suit. That was the first time I had ever bended a knee to anyone. I felt awkward. We walked towards the rear of the cathedral.

"That clock, up there above the organ, has three faces: one here inside,

and the other two outside, one in the rear and one in front of the church. It strikes every 15 minutes. We usually tell Catholics that the three faces of the one clock represent the three divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity. The picture below the clock is of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music."

Reaching the last pew, we turned around and he began explaining the paintings that decorate the ceiling and walls of the cathedral. I was especially struck with the large one (it is at least 40 feet long and 15 feet high) behind the main altar. It is of St. Louis, king of France, announcing the 7th Crusade. My youthful guide told me St. Louis was the patron of the cathedral. He explained other interesting things, but I was not listening. He noticed it, for he remained silent a few minutes, and then began to walk towards the rear door.

"These," he said, "are the confessional, where the people confess their sins to the priest. The keys carved on the door of each are a sign of the power God gave His apostles and all their successors when He told them, 'Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven.'"

"What an instructed lad," I thought, but aloud I thanked him very much for having conducted me on such an interesting tour through the historic cathedral. I must have been too effusive, for he seemed a bit embarrassed. As he started to walk away, I casually asked him where the priests' house

was. I had no intention of ever speaking to any priest, and don't know what prompted me to ask the question.

"Over there," he pointed; "just ring the doorbell," and with that he left me. "Just ring the doorbell." The words re-echoed in my ears. He made it so easy. Many things were coursing through my brain. That boy was so convinced of everything; and his final advice, "just ring the doorbell," was it just a casual remark, or was it a message?

Well, in the end, I did ring that doorbell, and when I stepped from the house hours later, the old priest smiled and said, "Any time you happen to pass by, just ring the doorbell." I felt the weight of years lifted. I was a new man, really happy. I knew I was on my way to the Catholic Church. I had taken the first step, the most difficult step: I had rung the doorbell. I retraced my steps, entered the cathedral by the side door, and, guided by the red lamp that was still burning, I grieved for the second time in my life, and this time I remained there on my

knees. I said nothing, but somehow, down deep within my soul, I felt the Presence that was there. I sensed that I was being talked to. When I finally got up, the church was dark. I looked around, but no one was there. My little friend had gone home.

Perhaps his story shouldn't be interrupted here, but needless to say, he became a good Catholic, as most converts do.

When he had finished speaking, I cleared my throat, and for the first time in an hour or more, found my voice, congratulated him, and told him what an extraordinary grace had been his. What I dared not tell him was that many years ago, I, a little lad of 11 or 12, had worked in the cathedral myself, showing visitors around. He would certainly have pounced upon me and shouted, "Then you're the one." But I could not be sure—there were several of us. However, somehow his face did seem familiar, but as I say, I could not be sure. I said nothing.



Xaver Schwarz of Munich, treasurer of the nazi party, acquired a beautiful estate on one of the lakes near Munich. He contracted for the erection of a villa at a price of 100,000 Reichsmarks.

One morning, as he drove out to inspect the progress made on his villa, he was shocked to see a big sign, "Xaver, where did you get the 100,000 Marks?"

A regular inquisition started, but nobody in the neighborhood had the faintest idea how the sign got there. In a rage, Schwarz posted a reward of 5,000 Marks for the apprehension of the perpetrator.

The next morning there was a new sign: "Xaver, where did you get the 105,000 Marks?" The culprit was never found.

From *What About Germany?* by Louis P. Lochner (Dodd, Mead, 1942).

Pattern for Peace

From cannons to Christ

By VINCENT EDWARDS

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Precious Blood**

Surprise must have been on the faces of all those who heard Msgr. Marcolino Benavente, the good Bishop of Cuyo, speak at the Easter festival in Buenos Aires in 1900.

At that time the whole nation seethed with war frenzy. A festering boundary dispute with Chile had become so violent that hostilities seemed inevitable. Two modern warships were even then being built by both countries in European shipyards, and the budget for other armament was enormous.

But here was the Bishop pleading for peace! With moving eloquence he bade his people submit their quarrel to international arbitration. In closing he said he hoped he would live to see the day when a statue of Christ should be erected on that very border that was the cause of all the trouble, and people, looking up at it, would remember how two great nations had chosen the way of peace rather than war.

Somehow the Bishop's words got results. His suggestion appeared so sensible to his countrymen that, on second thought, and with Chile cooperating, they were persuaded to let their misunderstanding be decided by an international tribunal. The idea of a statue of Christ on that high boundary in the Andes also caught fire, and the women of Argentina undertook the task of obtaining funds for its erection. It was

not until February, 1904, that the plan to set up the statue could be carried out. By that time the most remarkable treaty of peace and arbitration ever made between two spirited nations had been framed and signed. Chile and Argentina were pledged to eternal peace!

The statue of Christ had also been molded. The sculptor was the young Argentine, Mateo Alonso. After he had finished his model, the statue itself was cast from some old bronze cannon that the Spaniards had left behind at the end of Argentina's long war for independence. Thus, the weapons that men designed for the destruction of their fellow humans were converted into a lasting symbol of peace.

Transporting that colossal figure across the country and up to Puente del Inca, a point on the boundary nearly three miles above sea level, was no small undertaking. It was conveyed by rail in huge crates from Buenos Aires to Mendoza, where the parts were transferred to gun carriages for the long haul into the Andes. In dangerous places, where it was feared the mules might slip, the soldiers and sailors themselves grabbed the ropes.

The dedication ceremony took place March 13, 1904. The night before, hundreds of persons made the long climb into the mountains and camped at the site. In accordance with a plan

*Carthagena, Ohio. April, 1943.

which seemed to prove that two nations could set aside their own ulterior interests for international good will, the Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile, while the Chileans took their stand on the Argentine side of the boundary. The most distinguished figure was Bishop Benevente, who had inspired the statue in the first place. It was appropriate that he should have the leading part in the dedication.

The moment of the unveiling was one of solemn silence. Following the unveiling, the venerable Bishop offered up solemn Mass, and the statue was dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson in peace.

Bishop Benevente then blessed the peace flag in which all the colors of the flags of the two Americas were combined. It was embroidered in gold, bore laurels and palms, a large sun on one side, and a white dove on the other. The top of the emblem proclaimed the striking motto, *Paz a todas las naciones* (Peace to all nations).

For 39 years now, the statue has been standing. The great figure of Christ with upraised cross, which is 26 feet in height, has been seen by hundreds of visitors to the roof top

of a continent. No one can look at it without tremendous emotion. Standing as it does upon a huge granite sphere on which the countries of the world are outlined, it remains a lasting symbol of how world peace is to be secured by men everywhere.

While His one hand holds the cross, the other hand of Christ is stretched out in blessing. Appropriately, it suggests the abiding peace that must come to nations who enter into and keep a pledge like that of these two great South American countries. A bronze tablet on the base records that solemn agreement: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."

It is not easy to compare events and say which is greatest. But when one remembers that a long quarrel of 70 years' standing was ended, a boundary dispute settled by arbitration, public opinion vastly changed in both countries, and a pattern of peace offered the world, one does not hesitate to express the belief that the erection of "the Christ of the Andes" stands without a parallel in history.



A tiger had captured a fox and he wanted to devour it. But the fox said craftily, "Let me go, there isn't much flesh on me. However, I will show you a fat donkey." And the tiger followed him. The donkey saw them coming but flight was not possible any more. Then the donkey screamed vehemently at the fox, "What! Do you bring only one tiger to me? Don't you know that I need two for breakfast?" The tiger, hearing this, ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Manna (March '43).

For Jacques Maritain

By ROBERT SPEAIGHT

Condensed from *Blackfriars**

It is not alone, not even chiefly, Maritain's mind which has affected our generation. It is the force of his character, the strength of his example, the radiance of his spirit. These survive the acrimony of the arena and the argument of the schools.

My thoughts go back to a Saturday in March, 1940. I was then lecturing at the University of Notre Dame, and I motored in to Chicago that afternoon, with Waldemar Gurian and Yves Simon, to meet Maritain for the first time. A short time before, I had just missed him in Paris, and it seemed odd that I should have to come to the Middle West to find him now. We met at the home of a mutual friend, John Nef, whose magnificent book, *The United States and Civilization*, has just been published by the Cambridge University Press. Madame Maritain and her sister, Mlle. Oumansoff were also there. Round us, on the walls, were pictures by Derain, de Segonzac, and Rouault. Before us, on that hospitable table, was Richebourg, 1929. All this spoke to us of France, and everyone present spoke, or tried to speak, in French.

It was a good evening. We talked of the war. Maritain had made his point of view quite clear in two articles published in the *Commonweal*. He held, quite simply, that by their action

in declaring war on Germany, Great Britain and France had saved the soul of Europe. He did not say that this was a holy war; he said that it was a war in defense of civilization. I do not think that anything which has happened since has caused him to alter or to modify that view. It was not, however, a view generally acceptable to American Catholics. How, they asked, could a man who had refused to underwrite General Franco's commission as a crusader expect them to follow the standard of the British Empire and the Third Republic? After all, they would agree, Maritain was a Frenchman, and if you scratched a Frenchman you found a chauvinist.

Certainly, that evening in Chicago, no one would have doubted that Maritain was a Frenchman. After dinner we played what I suppose you would call "highbrow" parlor games. What were the ten greatest books in the world? Who were the ten greatest authors? Which had influenced us, respectively, the most? There was fairly general agreement about Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Dante, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Shakespeare, and St. John of the Cross. The Maritains put in their personal pleas for Léon Bloy and Père Surin. There was some controversy about Dionysius of "The Divine Names." There was

*Oxford, England. March, 1943.

some rivalry between Racine and Molière. I rather brazenly proposed Rabelais. Dostoievsky was a runner-up. All this discussion was carried on with a typical French intensity; one felt that the intellect was alight.

Earlier, Maritain had spoken of France and England, and of his hopes for the Entente. He had been, that summer, to England. I learned afterwards something of his fears on arrival in what was still, in 1939, a fairly cozy country. Would these people fight, he had asked? But a few days gave him the answer. He returned to France reassured.

Two months passed and Maritain watched from New York the disaster of his country. I did not see him again until September of that year on the East Coast. He had just moved into a small apartment on 5th Ave.; I was living opposite. I saw him often, and found him quite unchanged. There was the same simplicity, the same gentleness, the same *bon humeur*. The house at Meudon, where men had gone to visit him year after year in search of truth and consolation—the house where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved—had been visited by Herr Himmler's agents. His papers had been ransacked. After all, Maritain was a Christian, and might he not have succored a Spanish or a German refugee? But, in a hundred immaterial ways, the house at Meudon had escaped Herr Himmler's agents. Its spirit was on 5th Ave. Here the Maritains—Jacques, Raissa, and Vera—pursued the old busy, yet tranquil,

routine. Here on Sundays, one met the same kind of people, drawn by instinctive sympathy. Here were Jean C. de Ménasce, newly come from Rome, and Père Couturier (whose windows in Notre Dame had provided Paris with an esthetic controversy just before the war), and Père Ducatillon—both these latter were of the Order of Preachers. There was the same good talk and generous hospitality.

And there was the same unending charity. A friend wanted to get out of France, affidavits had to be signed, funds had to be procured. And amid all this mass of practical detail, Maritain was writing his commentary on St. Paul, his *A Travers le désastre*, and mastering enough English to lecture at Princeton and Columbia Universities. One did indeed feel that the collapse of France was no more than an incident, however tragic, in a crisis as yet unresolved. One felt that the body had fallen, but that the mind and the spirit lived on. France was living, in her proper person, here and now, on 5th Ave. She was living with Yves Simon and his beautiful family at Notre Dame; with Stanislas Fumet at Lyons; with Mauriac at Bordeaux. This death was only the prelude to rebirth. No one could meet and speak with Maritain during those dreadful days and doubt that France would persist, that France was immortal.

One week end in October, 1940, a retreat was held for the French then in New York and for their friends. Père Couturier conducted it, and Maritain himself spoke on "Contempla-

tion." It came over me then, in a rush of gratitude, what we all owe to this man. When I considered his natural immersion in the problems of art and philosophy and mysticism, I wondered the more at the courage with which he has stepped into the sordid arena. Small thanks he has had from those who, a few years back, were claiming him as a prophet of "order," and licking their chops over his attacks on Luther and Rousseau! It is the old trouble of the one who is too wise for the many. People say that he has moved to the left. This charge does scant justice to his consistency. Is it not rather that some of us, in our loyalty to prejudice and our fear of truth, have moved a little farther to the right? Is it not false to confuse the delicate balance of freedom and control which compose Maritain's philosophy of "order" with the fascist façade of "hierarchy"? The truth is that Maritain provides both a confirmation and a correction for one's ideals. If one's bent is conservative, one cannot complain of a system of thought based on Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas. If one's bent is radical, one cannot complain of a humanism which looks bold-

ly to the future and acknowledges that with us here in the present the social implications of the Gospel have not even begun to be realized. But the conservative soon sees that Maritain hankers after no regime but the Kingdom of God; and the radical realizes, equally clearly, that he is quite untouched by the romanticism which discolors the revolutionary Utopian mirage.

It is not only in politics; it is also in art that Maritain has made vital contact with the currents of contemporary thought. No one has done so much to lay the foundations of a Christian esthetic, in which any artist who pursues the truth of his métier may nevertheless find a place. But his influence, as I have said, has a wider range than the intellect. It proceeds from charity. I have moved too much among men active in the controversies and sharing the anxiety of our time, not to know what this influence has meant to them. If there are sincere searchers after truth who believe that Catholicism is, after all, something other than a fantasy of reaction, a *nostalgie du temps perdu*, it is because they have, in many cases, made contact with the mind and heart of Maritain.



Once I arranged a dinner with Henry James and the great Mr. Dooley. I perceived, as I watched them, that Peter Dunne was floundering helplessly in the heavy seas of James' parentheses; and the next time we met, after speaking of the occasion, he added mournfully, "What a pity it takes him so long to say anything! Everything he said was so splendid, but I felt like telling him all the time, 'Just 'pit it right up into Popper's hand'."

From Mr. Dooley's America by Elmer Ellis (Knopf, 1941).

Buttons

By R. CHINNATHAMBI

Who got it

Condensed from the *New Review**

Buttons are not very modern. The first one, about 4,000 years old, was found in Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt. Some scholars believe that the button originated in Southern Europe and later found its way into ancient Egypt.

Buttons then did not have a utilitarian value, as they do in sartorial equipment of today. Flowing robes did not require buttons to fasten them to the human body. Bands, clasps, ties or loops were found sufficient. Buttons later developed an ornamental value and were worn on the robes of kings as a sign of their nobility.

The ornamental button has come down even into modern times. The mandarins of China use it as their distinguishing badge. The button is the emblem by which the various castes or grades of Chinese aristocracy are known. The *sherwani* of Indian rajas is never complete without a grand muster of royal buttons. In America buttons became the symbol of membership of some exclusive organizations, like the Royal Legion of the U. S., consisting of officers who had fought in the Civil War. In England, buttons were ornamental till the time of Queen Elizabeth. Gold and silver buttons are prominent in the English royal paintings of the 16th century. In our own time, the ornamental button survives in women's fashions, in the

sporting world, and in the crest livery of chauffeurs and coachmen.

The ornamental value of the button was vitiated when tight-fitting garments came into popularity. The button sealed the fate of the Roman toga, which grew smaller in size and cheaper in value, was "democratized" and mass-produced. What was once the product of a craftsman became the spate of a machine. Buttons are now made of every conceivable material, according to its availability and the fluctuations in import and export trade. Buttons are made of metal, gilded, plated or covered with cloth; of wood, sea shells, porcelain, glass, papier maché, leather, vegetable nuts, celluloid, hoof, horn, bone, ivory, casein, skimmed milk, cloth, slate, and even potatoes.

English supremacy in the button trade has been indisputable. When the buckle industry waned in Birmingham, owing to the introduction of shoestrings, the gilded-metal button manufacture was begun to keep the plants going. The business became profitable and increased in volume in the 17th century, Birmingham becoming the hub of the world button trade.

Other countries began to make buttons, too. France started to specialize in porcelain and horn, Bohemia in glass, and Birmingham was hard put

*10 Government Pl., E., Calcutta, India. November, 1942.

to retain its supremacy. English button magnates invented newer buttons of linen and of pearl. They sought protective legislation from their sovereigns; William and Mary prohibited the import of foreign buttons under penalties of \$500 for the import and \$250 for the sale, deterrent punishment could not have gone further. William III fulminated against cloth and wooden buttons which were then imported. Queen Anne decreed that no tailor or other person "shall make, sell, set on, use or bind on any clothes any button or buttonholes of cloth, etc., on pain of \$25 per dozen." The button manufacturers were even more enterprising. In 1830 they appealed to their king and queen with a request that their Majesties should wear only plain, gilded or plated buttons, to revive the button trade, and they graciously presented their Majesties with a fine set of English make.

There came a setback during the Victorian period, when picturesque coats and breeches with leggings gave place to a severely plain style. Buttons did not flash their gilded dalliance in the clothes of the ordinary man, but they began to be indispensable and therefore had to be mass-produced.

The English began to invent machinery for the making of buttons and to form great combines. A fillip was given the industry during the first World War, when mammoth orders were placed for Royal Arms metal buttons for clothing the Army. Great fortunes were made then.

Even now, during this second World War, British button makers are reported to be busy. We are informed that they are working on a contract for 200 million buttons to sew onto the new Army's uniforms. Furthermore, the overseas markets of Germany and fallen France are also being captured by the British, who are now meeting the demand of South Africa and South America.

Such is the romantic history of the English button. The U. S. was late in the field; but in 1859 it discovered a method by which the shells of the vegetable ivory or Corozo nuts could be used. Vegetable ivory is milky white in appearance, is softer and lighter than ivory, can be easily turned in the lathe, and responds beautifully to fine shades in dyeing. This discovery has placed the American button industry also in the forefront of world button trade.



The rich merchant attributed his success in life to his habit of looking after little things. One day he saw a pin on the pavement. Bending down to pick it up, his hat tumbled off and rolled into the muddy gutter; his glasses fell off and broke on the curb as he retrieved his hat; his suspenders gave way behind, and his trouser buttons popped off; he burst the buttonhole on the back of his shirt collar; and his new upper dental set was trodden on by a passerby. But he got the pin.

The Farmer's Journal quoted in the Irish Digest (Jan. '43).

The People May Perish

By NATHANIEL W. HICKS

Condensed from *America**

Where we go from here

The month Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc., then less deceptively named the Birth Control Federation of America, published in its pseudo-scientific bimonthly organ the following statement:

"The U. S. is over rather than underpopulated, in the sense that her resources will permit a higher standard of living in the future for a somewhat smaller population than for a larger one, regardless of the technological progress which may occur." This appeared in *Human Fertility* (formerly *Journal of Contraception*).

An obvious comment on this unfounded assertion, which indicates the position of the birth controllers on the matter of population, is to recall that this vast, rich country's population density is only 44.2 persons for each square mile. Germany proper has a density of 381.5. England's average square-mile inhabitation is 742.2 persons. We still find in the U. S. tremendous possibilities for growth without giving up either our self-sufficiency or our standard of living. Since 1880 our density has increased by only 27.3 persons. Meanwhile, our living standard has ascended with giant strides. In no way is it our problem to provide a higher standard for a *lower* number of people, but rather to raise the lower

half of our nation to a just participation in what we now can offer and to raise the standard, as national progress requires, for all the people and for more people.

However improbable another great war in our times may be, we may well ask ourselves, nevertheless, how much better would our manpower status be for a third World War in, say, 1960? Assuming a Selective Service pool confined to the ages 20 to 34 inclusive, we can compute some significant figures from future population estimates used by the National Resources Planning Board and based upon statistics of the U. S. Bureau of the Census. Such a pool, in 1940, would have numbered 16,303,000 men, married and single, native and foreign born, out of a total population of 131,669,275. For comparison, 16,316,908 men between the ages of 21 and 36 did register under Selective Service on Oct. 16, 1940.

By 1960, our total population will, according to estimates, have increased by more than 15 million. This figure is attained with the assumption of medium birth and death rates and no net immigration; incidentally, it marks a 33½% drop in population gains by birth as compared with the 20 years 1920-40. The 20-34-year-old pool of men for the armed forces would be a mere 163,000 men more than in 1940.

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. April 3, 1943.

A war in 1980 would find the same age-group pool totaling 562,000 *fewer* men than in 1960. Besides an alarming decrease for a 20-year period, this shows a frightening trend. The entire estimated population of 153,022,000 means a tremendous drop of 9 million in over-all population growth in comparison with the 1940-60 period with its own startling depression in child-bearing. These decreases are reminiscent of the 8,100,000 drop in growth for 1930-40, when birth control notably came into its own in the first great inroads against our national population. Speaking of the sharp decline for the youngest age groups, the usually calm measured tone of the statistician broke and his pithy warning was, "The same trend is shown in France."

Estimates for 1980 based on medium birth and death rates predict only 14,897,000 male children under 15 years. Mortality during the next two decades would cut this group to about 14,682,000. Thus, any possible war in the year 2000, only 57 years from now, may find our country with its source of fighting men and war-industry workers cut by more than 1,200,000 since 1980, or by approximately 1,784,000 since 1960!

And yet, this study in future manpower is only a partial prognosis of the national malady. Since women are from 1% to 2% fewer than men in our population, we need but double the 40-year decrease indicated and we roughly have the entire male and female group in the ages from 20 to 35 years. There alone we will have lost

a total of approximately 1,750,000 potential mothers!

Despite the significance of population estimates on which these figures are based, they were made before the 1940 census and were in that year proven to be *underestimates*. With their assumption of medium fertility (birth production) and medium mortality, our 1940 population should have been about 132,600,000. It was really almost a million less. In fact, it was well below the estimate of 131,902,000 (Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems) made on the basis of a possible *low* fertility and medium mortality. The net immigration gains in the 1930's were negligible.

The low fertility thereby indicated will continue and certainly go lower if birth control makes advances in the future comparable with those of the past 20 years, as evidenced by our vital statistics. The 1980 population is, therefore, not truly indicated by the previously cited and generally accepted estimate of 153,022,000. According to the Scripps Foundation's *low fertility* estimate (one of many estimates it prepared), the actual census figures in that year may be merely about 134,381,000—not even 3 million more than in 1940. The *ratio* of growth would, of course, have continued to drop until we hit our population peak of 140 million in 1960. From then on, the downward trend would no longer be one in ratio of growth, but in the *real numerical decrease* of population that must eventually lead to national disaster. The decline and fall of every-

great nation in history was heralded by a falling birth rate such as we already have in the U. S., and by the steady decrease of population which we shall most certainly have unless childbearing is increased.

Calculations of my own, carried forward from the officially accepted estimates up to 1980, provide a picture of what the following years will bring even with stationary birth and mortality rates. Not to take any advantage of the probable low fertility and the now practically assured downward movement in birth rates, I have used the same *medium* fertility rates which gave the National Resources Committee the population estimate of 153,022,000 for 1980, and showed a gain of slightly less than 9 million over the 1955 estimate. I also assume the same medium mortality and no net immigration.

Going five years past the turn of the next century, we find that in the year 2005 the total population of the U. S. will be about 145,540,000, nearly a million and a half less than the prediction for 1960. In other words, assuming medium stationary rates and figuring for 25-year periods, this would be the first great numerical decrease of our population—a drop of 7,482,000 from the 1980 estimate. The ever-receding gains of the previous intra-censal periods will have given way to the inevitable era of repeated loss. The U. S. will be treading much the same road

the great Roman nation trod toward oblivion and absorption nearly 2,000 years earlier. By 2030, our people will number 134,581,000, only about 3 million more than in 1940. By 2055 our nation will be 130,408,000, more than a million drop below our 1940 census total. Twenty-five years later we will have dwindled to an approximate 124,780,000, which is roughly but 2 million more than we were in 1930. In the year 2105, our population will have fallen to more than 6 million below the 1930 level. The tide of our population (unless we are preserved or rescued by immigration) will be ebbing fast. It will be our national penalty for the original sin against nature.

The latest efforts of the contraceptionists are strongly pronounced attempts to *lower* the already dangerous fertility rate by false appeals to the patriotism of women in war plants and by dire propaganda for general consumption, that childbearing is unhealthy and unsocial in these "emotional" and unstable times.

We can only increase an intelligent opposition, through every possible medium, and hope that, with the recognition of the manpower shortage now dislocating our national life, those who are formulating plans for our nation's future will wake up to the need for an all-out effort against birth-control propagandists and a suicidal birth rate which are internally decimating our population.

To be immortal a speech need not be eternal.

Patrick McPolin, C.M.F., in the *Voice of St. Jude* (Feb. '42).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Brennan, Robert E., ed. *Essays in Thomism*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 427 pp. \$5.

Symposium in which 16 writers present St. Thomas and his approach to knowledge, being, law, the angels, education, beauty, economics, and government.

Burton, Katherine. *Celestial Homespun*. New York: Longmans. 393 pp. \$3.

Isaac Hecker moves out of the Emerson circle, progresses through Episcopalianism, Methodism, Mormonism, etc., to the Church, where he founds the Paulists.

Hildebrand, Dietrich von. *Liturgy and Personality*. New York: Longmans. 218 pp. \$2.

The liturgy—the Mass, Divine Office, sacraments, and sacramentals—is directed to the praise of God; but a secondary effect is the proper development of our own character.

Hartdegen, Stephen J., ed. *A Chronological Harmony of the Gospels*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony's Guild. 226 pp. \$2.50.

Text of the four Gospels arranged as a single narrative of the life and teachings of Christ.

Hutchins, Robert Maynard. *Education for Freedom*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 108 pp. \$1.50.

The case for an education that will develop the understanding; criticism of the hand and memory-training aims that dominate American colleges.

Marx, Walter John. *The Twilight of Capitalism and the War*. St. Louis: Herder. 316 pp. \$2.75.

How the war may modify our capitalistic profit-inspired economy and bring in its place an increase of state-controlled production.

The National Catholic Almanac, 1943. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony's Guild. 800 pp. \$1.50; paper, \$1.

General handbook of information on Catholic beliefs, liturgy, history, statistics, Religious Orders, books, authors, social programs, education, etc. Worth having in every household.

National Liturgical Week, 1942. Ferdinand, Indiana: Benedictine Liturgical Conference. 226 pp. Paper, \$1.50.

The praise of God in nature, society, and the liturgy.

Roos, Ann. *Man of Molokai*. New York: Lippencott. 254 pp. \$2.

Damien's life, made up of day-by-day heroic sacrifices that Damien never suspected were heroic; for young adults.

Schimberg, Albert Paul. *The Larks of Umbria*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 237 pp. \$2.75.

The simple and beautiful life of St. Francis of Assisi and his first followers.